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OUT-OF-DOORS NUMBER

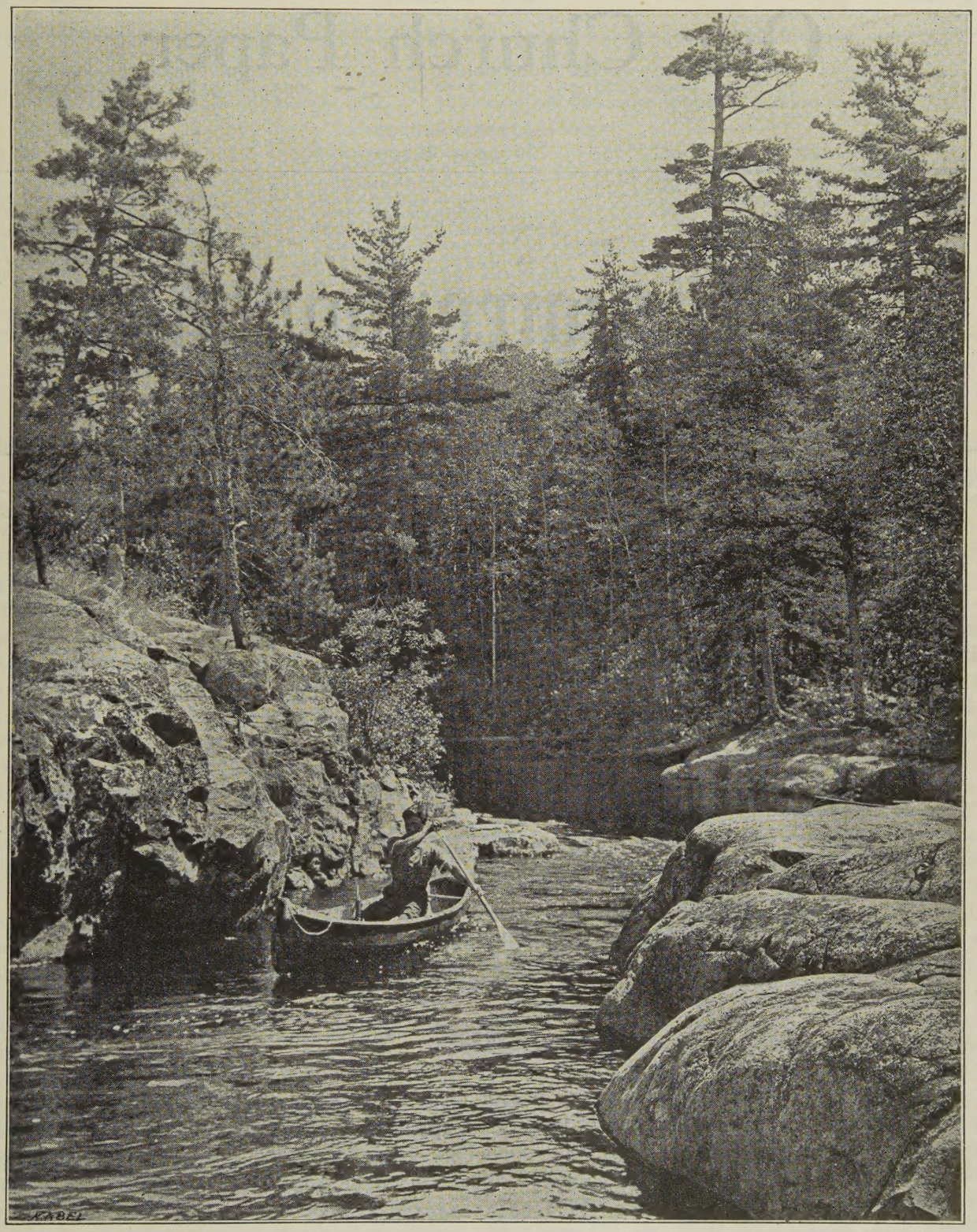

Photo by John Kabel

For the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places . . . .
I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open air!

—Henry van Dyke

RELIGION IN THE OPEN COUNTRY, by John Moore

Why We Read Our Church Paper

The Congregationalist

Interesting

because of its splendid articles from the pens of well-known men and women, its editorial interpretations of current events and the various departments, each relating to our home and church life.

Helpful

because it fills the need of our people for religious current literature in their homes, for their own sake, the good of their children, and the upbuilding of their church—something clean and wholesome, such spiritual pabulum as they do not find in their daily newspapers or magazines, good as those may be.

Inspiring

because it aids the pastor in his work, and in each home it enters is to each member a spiritual monitor, friend, adviser and counsellor.

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Editorial

The New Presbyterian Moderator

WHAT will happen now that Rev. Clarence E. Macartney, D.D., has become Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly? Dr. Macartney has been Dr. Fosdick's chief assailant and the Goliath of Presbyterian conservatism. Responsibility and official position usually have a steadying effect. A President may still be partisan in conviction but when he becomes head of the nation he almost instinctively assumes a broader outlook and seeks to act as the representative of the whole people. Will Dr. Macartney as Moderator be the real, as well as the official, head of the whole Presbyterian body, never more diversified than at present, or will he continue to be, as he has been, the leader of a sect within a denomination?

Dr. Macartney would challenge this characterization. He and his following are in their thought and claims *the* denomination—the Simon-pure Presbyterians, faithful to the old standards, literalists in relation to the Westminster Confession as to the Bible, demanding that all men should be equally literalistic in their interpretation of Presbyterian doctrines, and in their assent thereto, or get out of the church in which they have been reared.

To the genuine liberal who believes in freedom of faith and action this does not seem a preposterous, or even an unreasonable, demand. He is disposed to ask what creeds are for if they do not mean what they say, and of what use is subscription to creeds if it is not what it professes to be. But the liberal possibly takes too hard and unsympathetic a view of the matter. There is an entirely different attitude equally honest in spirit and purpose, though characterized by a certain casuistry, that to the plain man, accustomed to call a spade a spade, and to deny that a spade is a shovel, savors somewhat of subterfuge. From this viewpoint ancient creeds and standards have a totality of meaning, spirit, and effect, apart from any particular article, word or phrase. One's soul responds to what he conceives this totality to be; he is devoted to the service of Christ; he loves the church of his fathers. What ought he to do should he be unable to accept the creed in every detail? Ought he to withdraw from the place of his spiritual heritage and of his present love? Ought squeamishness and punctiliousness, with hair-splitting over things that he is sure are of only minor importance, to guide his course, or ought he to stand by the larger meanings and loyalties, and continue in the church to which in his judgment he rightfully belongs?

This seems to be a fair statement of the case. Presbyterianism in its Scottish homeland, and in a minor degree in other parts of the world, has met the issue by developing a tradition of progressive scholarship with practical allegiance to the church and its formularies, in which largeness of spirit rather than strictness of letter has governed relationship to the church and to its historic standards. Men like W. Robertson Smith, in a few isolated instances, have had to defend themselves against charges of heresy, but such trials, no matter what their immediate outcome, have had the result of enlarging rather than limiting freedom in the Presbyterian fellowship. Men like Marcus Dods, James Denney, George Adam Smith, not to name many others, have enjoyed in Presbyterianism a freedom of scholarship in thought and speech that has given them an influence upon modern religious life that they could not have exercised had the most conspicuous thing about them been their meticulous conformity to the doctrinal standards of a past age. Broadly conforming, they have sought to interpret the past in the light of the present.

Is devout and progressive scholarship to have similar freedom in American Presbyterianism? That is the

question that Dr. Macartney's election as Moderator emphasizes. The full significance of his election, and the questions that arise concerning it, are suggested by his recent book *Twelve Great Questions About Christ.* It is the book of a controversalist, of a man who gives the impression of being more concerned about arguing about Christ, than about preaching him or living him. Not that Dr. Macartney seems in any sense insincere or lacking in devotion; on the contrary he has a flaming zeal for what he conceives to be true. But it is a zeal in which the larger and deeper elements of Christian love are not conspicuous. There is in the book hardly a note of compassion and scarcely a line that suggests magnanimity. It is the book of a man so busy defending truth that he has no time for patience, or humanity. There are books that seem dominated by the passion to be fair; in which strong expression of certain views is not divorced from a prayerful sympathy with, and desire to understand, one's opponents. But Dr. Macartney's book, whatever may be its value as an apologetic of conservatism, is not among these. It is one of the *saddest* books that we have ever read; it is so good in purpose, so devoted to what the author, now Moderator, regards as the essential Christian foundations, yet so unfair, so unsympathetic, so blind to the fact that men who differ from the author may be as vitally Christian in fact and purpose as himself.

The spirit of Dr. Macartney's book may be judged by his reference in the chapter on the Virgin Birth to *the enemies of the doctrine.* Again he speaks of Modernism as the *enemy* of our Lord, and he refers to "the efforts that are everywhere being made to discredit the Bible and overthrow the authority of the Christian religion." When one thinks of the type of men—men like Dr. Fosdick—whom Dr. Macartney has attacked as "modernists" such language seems tragic, not so much in its unbrotherliness, but in its utter lack of discernment of the spirit and purpose that actuates many "modernists." The present writer is writing as one who himself differs in temper and in actual belief from much that passes as "modernism," but is it fair to accuse men of loyal spirit, who have doubts and difficulties, but who are zealous in Christian love and service, of being enemies and destroyers? A man may conscientiously be unable to profess belief in a doctrine but is he necessarily its *enemy?* Would Jesus have called doubting Thomas an *enemy* of the doctrine of the Resurrection? What a strange contrast both in method and in spirit is there between Dr. Macartney's chapter on the Virgin Birth, and that of Dr. Charles E. Jefferson on the same subject in his latest book, *Present-Day Controversies.*

In relation to his own denomination, and for the sake of the wider fellowship of the churches, we may well hope that the new Presbyterian Moderator may be constrained by the responsibilities and courtesies of office to assume, as he surveys the field of religious fellowship, a more magnanimous and kindly aspect than appears in his book. This, manifestly, is not easy. Believing, as he does, that certain doctrines are absolutely essential to Christianity, and that those who differ from him are enemies of the Christian religion, to be courteous, tolerant, and compromising to those who either honestly disbelieve such doctrines or who honestly regard them as of secondary importance, seems to be lacking in fidelity to the truth. But the flaming zealot may miss the deeper truth of love manifested in Christian magnanimity. It is of no particular moment that a man of intensely conservative opinions, theologically and critically, should be elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; but it would be most unfortunate if because of those opinions the head of a great denomination should feel bound, especially in these days of the variety of religious experience, to assume a narrow and separationist spirit toward those who differ from him, both in his own and in other denominations.

The Lack of Spiritual Sympathy

THAT hardness of theological temper and strange lack of spiritual sympathy in understanding other men are not confined to the ultra-orthodox is evident in publicity matter recently sent out by Rev. Charles Francis Potter, minister of West Side Unitarian Church, New York, who has gained considerable notoriety through his public debates on Fundamentalism with Dr. John Roach Straton.

If we had to choose between Dr. Potter and Dr. Straton we should probably choose the former, but we are thankful that choice is not limited to these two unsympathetic extremes. Dr. Potter is no doubt tolerant toward men who differ radically from him, but in his attitude toward conservatism he seems to us as unsympathetic and prosaic-minded as is a conservative like Dr. Macartney in his attitude toward modernism.

Take such a statement as this in Dr. Potter's own report of a recent address on *The Spiritual Significance of Evolution*: "In the theology commonly preached in the churches of today the atonement is central. The doctrine of the atonement, since it has to do with salvation from original sin, is directly based on the old legend of the fall of man." Can one conceive of a man in the name of liberalism making so inadequate and unsympathetic a statement? Surely Dr. Potter must be aware that many progressive religious leaders, of various stages of liberalism and modernism, who have renounced crude theories of the atonement, none the less regard the *fact* of the atonement as the central fact of Christianity, basing any doctrine concerning it not "on the old legend of the fall of man," but upon the unmistakable fact of sin in human life and the unquestionable need of man's redemption.

Dr. Potter goes on to say: "To my mind, there is something immoral in the old orthodox hymn:

> Just as I am without one plea
> But that thy blood was shed for me
> And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come."

Dr. Potter has a right to his own theology—and we should like to see a church fellowship large enough and deep enough to include both him and Dr. Macartney, according to each full liberty. Dr. Potter has a right, also, to his own notions of morality and immorality, but his discernment of immorality in Charlotte Elliott's beautiful hymn is not far removed from that spiritual color-blindness that leads many well-intentioned orthodox people to see in every Unitarian an enemy of Christ.

The color-blindness is not much more tragic in one case than in the other.

We are not concerned about defending a hymn that the church will continue to sing, nor is the matter one of the truth or falsity of certain theological ideas or moral opinions. The issue lies deeper, and relates to that spiritual sympathy and discernment that enables men to understand one another, and that seeks to create an atmosphere of fellowship above the ground of difference and controversy.

The late Prince Kropotkin had such spiritual discernment when, though personally an agnostic, he wrote as sympathetically as he did, in his book, *Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature*, concerning Tolstoy, the Christian. A fellow-revolutionist of Kropotkin, the eminent French geographer, Eliseé Reclus, had such discernment when he wrote to a German professor who was attacking his particular ideas, *On ne comprend rien que ce qu'on aime* (We understand only what we love). Must Christians learn the lesson of discernment and sympathy from non-believers? Is there not some power of Christian love that may transport us out of ourselves and put us so *en rapport* with our fellowmen that we may understand *their* views and *their* experiences?

The passion to understand one another, the patience to listen and learn, the readiness to hear without condemning and to oppose without reproach, would do more for the discovery, upbuilding, and maintenance of truth than all the partisan controversy under the sun.

"An Astounding Story" of Corruption

THE muckraker is often condemned for his activities without fair inquiry as to whether the activities are justified. It is a sound rule that where there is muck it ought to be raked up rather than covered up. Had some one three years ago stated the facts regarding conditions in the govenment printing office, there would no doubt have been a protest against pessimism and muckraking, but those facts have recently been stated by the man to whom fell the task of cleaning up. When President Harding came into office he summoned as public printer, George H. Carter, a newspaperman of Des Moines, Iowa, whom he had known for years. The President's sole instruction to Mr. Carter was "to run the government printing office as efficiently as the most efficiently conducted private printing business is conducted." How exceedingly corrupt a public service can become is indicated in Mr. Carter's story of his three years of service, in a carefully prepared address at the recent convention of the third district Typothetae Federation, meeting in Atlantic City.

The public press in reporting this address rightly characterizes it as "an astounding story." Mr. Carter's story is thus summarized:

Corruption, graft, wholesale racetrack gambling and bootlegging flourished unrestrained, and to "clean up" the establishment he was required to dismiss 268 employees, including the deputy public printer and the chief clerk of the printing office, as well as foremen and minor executives.

He uncovered a still in the office of one foreman. A trusted messenger between the government printing office and the Capitol was discovered to be bootlegging for members of Congress. Executives and foremen were found to be filling requisitions for excessive quantities of grain alcohol for alleged mechanical uses in the establishment. Bootlegging, generally, was an intensively cultivated industry throughout the place. Even boy apprentices were found to be buyers and consumers of illicit liquor.

Race-track gambling became of greater concern than their work to many of the 4,000 employees; women workers, along with the men, turned over $1,000 a day to the bookmakers for bets. Many women employees were kept constantly penniless by their daily losses. One woman confessed she had mortgaged her home, and lost all in betting.

He said the morale of the place had fallen so low and required such drastic treatment that his office looked more like a police court than the headquarters of a $12,000,000 establishment.

Most amazing was Mr. Carter's reference to a "secret, oathbound, invisible klan," which he said had for years dominated the printing office—a clique known as "Wahnetas," whose opposition to any rule, order, or innovation meant its death. Mr. Carter set his face against the invisible government and defied or dismissed its leaders.

He alleged that certain officers of the typographical union were in league with this secret group.

He charged the former deputy public printer, Chisholm, with being one of the "Wahneta" ringleaders. He said for years the "Wahnetas" held undisputed sway over the government printing organization; that persons it selected for removal were removed and that persons it sought to favor were favored, with little or no regard to efficiency or justice. He included in his address quotations from what he said was the "Wahneta" oath.

Is Government Representative?

WHEN we quoted last week the old tag to the effect that "the worst thing about representative government is that it is *representative*," we did not realize that within a couple of hours occasion would arise to alter that judgment. It came through an editorial in the Boston *Herald* giving in detail the percentages of the electorate in their various constituencies by which the members of the United States Senate had been elected. In not a single instance had a senator been sent to Washington by choice of over half the electors in his state, and the percentage of the voters who had favored the successful candidate fell as low as seven per cent.

In general the percentages were appallingly low. Various factors, the *Herald* says, may explain the surprisingly small percentages in some states, but "there is none to justify the lethargy in any. Here are some of the percentages of the total vote cast for winning senatorial candidates in 1922:

Ashurst, Arizona, 28; Johnson, California, 29; Bayard, Delaware, 30; Trammell, Florida, 9; Ralston, Indiana, 33; Brookhart, Iowa, 29; Bruce, Maryland, 20; Ferris, Michigan, 16; Shipstead, Minnesota, 26; Reed, Missouri, 26; Stephens, Mississippi, 7; Wheeler, Montana, 30; Howell, Nebraska, 32; Pittman, Nevada, 42; Edwards, New Jersey, 30; Jones, New Mexico, 36; Copeland, New York, 25; Frazier, North Dakota, 35; Fess, Ohio, 25; Pepper, Pennsylvania, 19; McKellar, Tennessee, 13; Mayfield, Texas, 12; King, Utah, 28; Swanson, Virginia, 10; Dill, Washington, 17; Neely, West Virginia, 28; La Follette, Wisconsin, 28; Kendrick, Wyoming, 35.

Of New England Senators, Senator Lodge was elected by only 22 per cent. of the voters of Massachusetts. Sen-

ator Hale in Maine was supported by 24 per cent. of the qualified voters, and Senator Greene, of Vermont, by about one-third of the electors.

When one realizes that in many states the successful candidate had previously been put in the running by an even smaller percentage of voters at the primary, one is well moved to ask, Is "representative government" as we have it in the United States, really *representative* after all? And if so, is it *representative* of the people's choice or of the people's lack of choice?

The *Herald* has since returned to the subject and has quoted interesting statistics regarding the voting in general at the last presidential election. These figures show that while about 26,700,000 voted, about 25,700,000 qualified electors failed to vote—that is that for 100 who voted 96 neglected to do so. The *Herald's* analysis is interesting:

Dividing the 48 states into more or less cohesive groups, we have the following numbers of stay-at-homes for every 100 who took the trouble to vote: New England, 82; Middle Atlantic (New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania), 94; East North Central (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin), 65; West North Central (Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska), 59; Pacific (California, Oregon, Washington), 103; Mountain (Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada), 71; West South Central (Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas), 242; East South Central (Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi), 127; South Atlantic (Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida), 183.

Kentucky had the best record for voting in 1920, with only 24 stay-at-homes for every 100 voters. The *Herald* attributes this to the fact that Kentucky being a border state and a debatable factor politically, both parties made unusual effort to register the vote, the states coming nearest to Kentucky in the percentage of voters being similarly doubtful states, Delaware with 33 absentees for every 100 voters, and Indiana with 35.

The *Herald* raises the question, which logically follows, Would the result have been different if all had voted? The answer is, probably not in 1920, but the result in many elections would be altered if a larger percentage voted. Would the result be any better? There is no clear ground for saying so, but a state which had all its qualified electors educated to the point where they would invariably register their will at the polls would probably have gone far toward developing an *intelligent* electorate. The overcoming of electoral ignorance and electoral indifference would not only produce a larger vote but also a better vote. If government were actually representative of the whole people we should probably have both better people and a better government.

Methodist Changes

METHODISTS are given more freedom than heretofore to enjoy social pleasures. By vote of the General Conference in Springfield, Mass., the church discipline in force for half a century has been changed so that the church law against "indulging in dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theaters, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, patronizing dancing schools, or taking such amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency," has been repealed. The new law is against "indulging sinful tempers or words, taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." Disobedience renders the member liable to expulsion. Indulgence in amusements now becomes largely a matter of individual conscience.

The Methodist Bishops transferred include the following: William F. Anderson from Cincinnati to Boston; Adna W. Leonard from San Francisco to Buffalo; Wilbur P. Thirkield from Mexico City to Chattanooga; Edwin P. Hughes from Boston to Chicago; Theodore S. Henderson from Detroit to Cincinnati; Matthew W. Clair from Liberia to Covington, Ky.; Thomas Nicholson from Chicago to Detroit; P. Lester Smith from Bangalore, India, to Helena, Mont.; Frederick T. Keeney from Foochow, China, to Omaha, Neb.; Ernest L. Waldorf from Wichita to Kansas City, Mo.; Charles E. Locke from Manila to St. Paul; Charles W. Burne from Helena to San Francisco.

In Brief

Have a real vacation, if possible. Rest, fun, and re-creation mean the ability to do better work during the months that will follow. That is common sense; that is practical Christian living.

* *

One of the secrets of success in life is inspiration. What a wealth of inspiration one may find in God's great out-of-doors! May we make the most of our out-of-door experiences this summer to get the inspiration we need.

* *

In a letter somewhat characteristic of the type of American who is desperately concerned about excluding somebody from his country, a correspondent in Washington writes in criticism of our recent editorial, *Be Fair to Japan,* and thinks to score against us by inquiring where the six people listed in our editorial masthead were born, and where their parents were born. It is a somewhat impertinent inquiry, but as the Bible commends courtesy even to the "froward," we are glad to reply, despite the fact that a truthful reply is embarrassing to editorial modesty. The fact is that three of the staff, including the member who wrote the editorial regarding Japan, trace their ancestry to the *Mayflower,* one of them taking in Roger Williams as well. Another of the Boston members of the staff has roots in America since 1636, while the Western Editor, we believe, is linked up with pioneer days. The Editor-in-chief, who is penning these words, is the only degenerate foreigner in the lot, but considering the fact that he had four Irish grandparents, the Washington correspondent might start something if he has anything to say against the Irish. Seriously speaking, it is a deep joy to know that the great mass of *Congregationalist* readers judge things according to their merit, and are concerned with *Christian* ideals and with large-minded patriotism rather than with sectarianism, either in religion or in politics.

The Comfort of the Constant

By Gaius Glenn Atkins, D.D., Contributing Editor

WHETHER there are any longer such almanacs as used to hang against the kitchen wall of an old Ohio farm-house, this particuluar contributing editor does not know. He does know that the almanac was one of his earliest literary discoveries and a book of wonder. It had a yellow cover and either within or without the signs of the Zodiac surrounding a gentleman who should have been in extreme physical distress. It had a page to a month with cabalistic characters and the moon in changing phases and, for a boy, unnecessary information about the time of sunrise and sunset.

At the bottom of each page were jokes of a primitive character and testimonials to the rare power of the medicines compounded by the philanthropic agency which gave the almanac away. There seemed as one read it, no need for either sickness or death in a world so safe-guarded.

There were also therein foresighted suggestions to farmers of which the thrifty forbears of the boy, bred to the soil for generations and knowing by an older lore when corn should be planted and wheat be cut, took little note. And there were weather forecasts to be noted on those rare occasions when some high matter demanded a knowledge of the day of the month—"About this time look out for—"

Whether the prophecies so hazarded came true in detail or not is no great matter. But they had the immense constancies of the years behind them and in their larger issue did come true. Seed time and harvest are always safe forecasts and so are rains and clouds and changing seasons, and whether it rain on a Monday or a Friday is immaterial in the full sequence of days. Life and its forces are to be measured by their steadfastness and not —to borrow a figure from the sea—by the ebb and flow of their tides.

It is well to remember this in periods of social and political foreboding. We are just now much shaken by disclosures of greed and foolishness and hot haste in high places and by seamy gossip which does no credit to those who spread it abroad or those whom it concerns. But there is for all that a steadfast soundness in the state on which we may depend. The matured judgment of the electors is generally just.

It is useful to remember this in seasons of heated theological controversy. The general tenor of our church life is blessedly unaffected by the strife between fundamentalists and modernists. The majority of Christian folk would never know that the church is divided by rival factions if nobody told them. They worship and pray and give and serve and trust God and the truth as they see the truth, and the holy enterprises of the church go on, growing out of age-old needs and older answers to our needs, the revelation of a spiritual order whose laws are more imperial than the laws which rule the procession of the seasons and whose power more sure than the forces which bring the elms to leaf anew and bow the emerald of wheat fields to the winds of May.

It is useful to remember this when Easter and Lent are happy memories, their full movement for a little spent, and church congregations reflect the lure of sunny days. Your church does not live out of Palm Sunday and Easter; it lives out of the fifty-two Sundays of the year and the weeks between, and the true verdict upon our work is not in the occasional but in the steadfast cares and consecrations which we bring to it as ministers or the constant loyalty which we have for it as a people. Given such a spirit as this, the unfailing will correct the incidental and we may trust the ultimate outcome of our labor and our love.

Here also is the heartening corrective for a too despondent estimate of the temper of our time. There is a deal of foolishness always and sheer badness a-plenty, but there is something beside that. Beneath the restlessness of youth is the kindling earnestness of young men and women who are meeting life with high spirit and dreaming of useful goodness and hiding, as youth always hides, their nobler thoughts under a seeming unconcern and going bravely out to meet the rising age. Husbands and wives are still faithful and grow old together in deepening devotion; men are still doing their day's work in integrity; the massive enterprises of our common humanity are carried through in honesty and fair dealing; the old simple and unfailing things are still our masters—and our assurances.

As the sense of all this corrects our more despondent judgments, it ought also to moderate our impatiences. We do our work best when we keep step with what is most prophetically constant in ourselves and those with and for whom we labor. Our true force is not in driving haste but in so wise an assignment of our whole strength to our time and our tasks that no day is empty, nor any day hectic but the sum of them a revelation of high vision, steadfastly followed with disciplined power. Nor can we drive others too fast. We must wait upon their ripening consent and understanding. We cannot anticipate harvests of good will which do not mature through human nature, always slowly, and at great cost, confirmed in goodness and love.

What we need then to be most concerned about are the constancies which underlie all changing surface movements. There is a conquering steadfastness which is the true secret of all advance and better ways. The Kingdom of God comes as spring is coming with bright days and grey and mornings of sunshine and afternoons of cloud, but through it all the mounting power of the sun and the undefeated affirmation of the will of God. We ought to direct our effort to the constant as we test our judgments thereby and wait in quiet confidence upon the outcome. In such a life as this we keep step with the Divine. We cannot hasten God, but he does not fail us.

For the deep and unfailing are also his force, methods of the eternal wisdom, revelations of the eternal spirit, aspects of the eternal patience, fruitions of the eternal power, the one certainty upon which a yellow-covered almanac may venture its predictions and the dreamers—or soldiers—of the Kingdom rely for the vindication of their faith and the victorious outcome of their warfare.

From Our Western Editor

Ministers have peculiar opportunities for knowing the deepest currents of life and are especially fortunate in being familiar with the wonderful influence that many quiet people exert. The other day Pilgrim Church, Oak Park, Ill., of which Dr. E. B. Allen is pastor, called a council which ordained to the Christian ministry two young men, Edward W. Willcox and Francis C. Snyder. In their statements of their religious experience these young men mentioned the forces that had profoundly influenced their lives. Mr. Willcox is a grandson of the late Professor Giles B. Willcox, for many years a teacher in Chicago Seminary. The family have been noted for furnishing ministers and missionaries, but there have been few in the family that have made a great sensation from the standpoint of men of the world. To his mother, to his grandfather, to an uncle in the ministry, and to a number of people not known to the public in general, this young man attributes the influences that led him to dedicate himself to the Christian ministry.

Mr. Snyder in his statement referred to Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Camfield of Ward Academy as among those who had profoundly influenced him. Mr. and Mrs. Camfield founded Ward Academy in a neglected district far off the railway in South Dakota. For thirty years they poured out their lives for the young people, many of whom were denied high school privileges. Mrs. Camfield passed to her reward three or four years ago. Those of us who have been in the general work in this section for a number of years remember that consecrated, devoted woman, who counted not her life dear to herself if she could by any means bring help to her beloved young people. She and her husband lived in comparative obscurity and toiled with the devotion of the Great Apostle, and their work goes marching on in fine young lives such as this one that has just been dedicated to the gospel ministry. Principal Camfield continues his task at the academy. Perhaps he does not see much of the results of his labors, but some of the rest of us do and we know that he is really and truly one of the world's foremost leaders, though he does serve in a quiet place.

* *

Chicago with the rest of the country has just observed Boys' Week. The amount of attention paid to the events of the observance augurs well for the future. The literature issued brought to the people some facts that are probably just as true of other cities as they are of Chicago.

"Seventy out of every 1,000 boys in Chicago who pass the age of 10 get a delinquent record in one of our courts.

"Eighty per cent. of our criminals who rob and resort to violence in the practice of crime, are under 21 years of age.

"Boys under 16 years of age stole $250,000 worth of property in Chicago last year.

"Sixty-six per cent. of all Chicago boys are under-privileged."

If those who have had large experience with boys tell us the truth very few boys are naturally bad—apparently most of them can be saved to the best things if we know how to do it. They will not be saved if they are left to be trained by the vicious and by bad circumstances, and must find their recreation in the over-commercialized amusements of our day. Judging by what appears in Chicago, we shall have to have a much larger number of people who will not only give money for this task, but we shall have to have strong men and women give themselves to it. We ought also to have a bringing together of all the agencies that are working in this field, so that competition and overlapping should be avoided and we should tackle the job with a statesmanship that would bring us near the desired goal.

* *

Coincident with the slump in the price of farm products in the years since the close of the War has come also a great decline in the prices of farm land in the West. In 1918-19 many farmers contracted for farm land at almost double the normal price and this venture bankrupted many of the buyers. It would not be fair to say, perhaps, that farm land has fallen off a half in price since 1918, but it has greatly declined. On the other hand, what is happening in cities is illustrated by a real estate transaction which has just been put through in Chicago. A tiny bit of ground at the northeast corner of Madison and Clark Streets, which was bought for $44 in 1837, has just been leased at a valuation of $1,050,000. This piece of ground is 21 by 80 feet and was bought at $2 a front foot, and is now valued at $50,000 a front foot on Clark Street. Real estate men say that this is the highest valuation ever put upon property in the city of Chicago. The ground has been leased to a cigar store for twenty-one years at an average net rental of $52,500. With such things as this happening in city real estate there is no doubt that the trend of life is cityward.

There have been evidences in the West for some time that all was not well financially. The troubles of the farmers are of long standing and when they suffer, the rest of us inevitably come to suffer. Traveling men report few sales, bond houses indicate that practically no bonds are being sold, the automobile business has slowed down greatly in the last few weeks, and there are many men out of work. I visited the employment agencies on West Madison and South Canal Streets the other day. I found many men seeking jobs and very little demand. Apparently we have entered upon a quiet period in industry so far as the West is concerned.

* *

The notoriety that has come to Northwestern University from two or three episodes in the last two years has not hurt the school as a money-getter. Three years ago the university was in a difficult financial condition. Lately it has had large sums given to it for endowment and for new buildings. Mrs. Thorne, a sister of Mrs. Montgomery Ward who gave $1,000,000 to the school a while ago in memory of her husband, has now given $250,000 to be used for the erection of an auditorium on the campus. This building is to be used not only for university activities but for conventions and other gatherings which will contribute to the welfare of this great community and the world. Northwestern is to be congratulated upon the fact that its progressive spirit does not drive away from it the gifts of elderly people—Mrs. Thorne is past eighty years of age. Such gifts as these set us to wishing that some of our wealthy Congregationalists would remember that one or two worthy Congregational schools are closed for lack of funds and that many others are greatly handicapped in their work on this same account.

Chicago, Ill.,
May 26, 1924.

R. W. G.

Parables of Safed the Sage

The Parable of the Bubbles

The daughter of the daughter of Keturah is now an important young lady of nine years, and she can read and write, and play a number of pieces on the Piano. But the Little Sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah is two. And she is about the brightest spot of color on the Map. And I have seen Keturah catch her up, as she was running about in a Blue Dress, with her Red-Gold hair flying, and her eyes two little spots of Heaven, and her cheeks as red as Roses, and Keturah hath said, Such a Little Animated Doll as thou art is not Possible.

Now the daughter of the daughter of Keturah provided herself with a Bowl of Soap Suds and a Pipe, and she sat upon the floor, Blowing Bubbles. And the Little Sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah sat over against her upon the floor. And the daughter of the daughter of Keturah blew Bubbles that were Large and Irridescent and Beautiful, and she dropped them on the head of her Little Sister. And her Little Sister was Delighted.

And after about a Dozen or a Score of Bubbles had been dropped upon her head, the Little Sister put up her hand to take them all down that she herself might behold them.

For she supposed that the Bubbles were still All There, in an Heap the size of a Peck Measure upon the top of her head.

And when she put up her hand, behold, all the Bubbles had broken save one, and she broke that one in reaching for it.

And she was Astonished, and would have Wept. But the daughter of the daughter of Keturah laughed, and blew another Bubble, and her Little Sister laughed, too, albeit rather solemnly.

And when I beheld this, I said unto

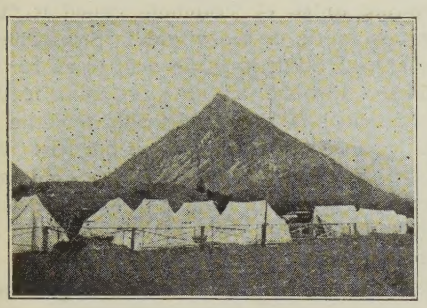
(*Continued on page* 735)

"Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile"

Suggestions for the Minister's Vacation

By Frank Lincoln Moore

WHEN the sun starts to climb north and bare patches of ground push up through the snow, the lover of the out-of-doors begins to look forward to vacation time. Who has not sympathized with Kipling's "Young



TENTS OF MONTANA CONFERENCE

Men" who "must go, go, go away from here," and with them felt that "on the other side of the world we're overdue." Either the call back to some cherished spot or the desire to explore the unknown takes possession and the load of many a heavy day is lightened by the anticipation of change. In the minister's family the subject takes foremost place as table talk, the children plan months ahead, grips and bags are packed with blocks, books, trains, and dolls that must, after all, be left behind. "What shall we do the first day" is discussed by them with all seriousness and detail, and no calamity can be imagined greater than not to be able to go.

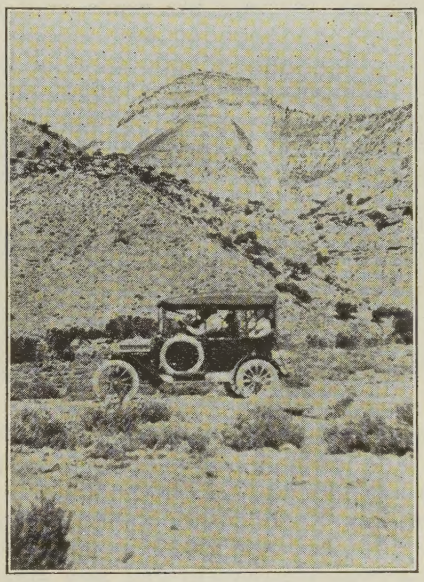
It is well that in these latter days nearly every church makes some provision for a vacation for its minister. Churches as well as individuals are learning that a man can do better work if he has a little change during the twelve months. A vacation is a relief for the minister and, say it softly, a relief for the people as well. It has been discovered that small congregations in summer do not necessarily register a decline in religious life. Many churches today provide generously in this regard, giving not less than a month and even two months or ten weeks of time, with ample provision for pulpit supply during the minister's absence. While such churches are exceptional and are usually among the more resourceful, even the smaller churches expect their minister to be gone from the pulpit two or three weeks during the year.

No Vacation

But if no provision whatever is made for a vacation, what then is the minister to do—a question which those churches that have failed to face should seriously ask. Few men can give their best to the pulpit and parish without a rest at some time during the year. There are churches that do not take the need for a vacation into consideration. Their ministers often find relief in the shifting of the emphasis of the parish work, in the exchange of pulpits with some neighboring minister; they make fewer pastoral calls, tramp in the woods, work in the garden, and occasionally preach an old sermon when the days are too hot to write a new one. The whole experience is unsatisfactory to both minister and church.

The Preaching Vacation

This kind of vacation is popular with some ministers, especially among the younger men. Usually it is chosen of necessity. The fee for the vacation preaching is the only means of getting away from home at all. Moreover, many men welcome the vacation as an opportunity of trying their wings in some other pulpit. They take along the best sermons of the year or prepare something entirely new in honor of the occasion. So it comes to pass that many churches listen to summer preaching of a very high order. The unknown summer supply surprises every one, and the handful in the church who go



DISTANT RANGES ARE EXPLORED

from a sense of duty or because they are the only ones left at home congratulate themselves that they did not miss the intellectual treat and the spiritual uplift.

The Summer Conference

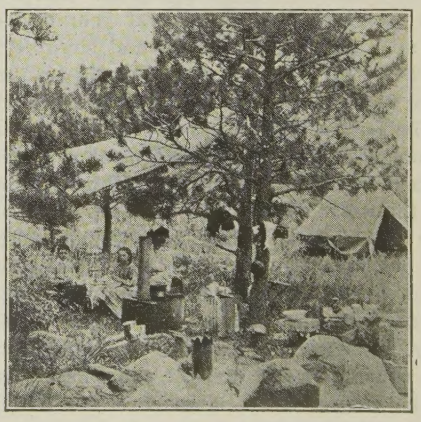
Many ministers, however, especially in the smaller places or isolated fields feel the need of rubbing elbows with other men, and they welcome the vacation as an opportunity of attending summer conferences of various kinds. So to Chautauqua or Silver Bay, to the Isles of Shoals or Seabeck, many ministers flock for the opportunities afforded. Here are people of kindred mind, lectures, concerts, study groups—a varied program with something for all. The summer conferences for young people that have recently sprung up like magic throughout the land are enriched by the presence of many a minister who goes that he may get but finds that he also may give. Here the whole field of a minister's life work is reviewed in classes and conferences. He gets a new grip upon himself besides sharing the riches of his own experience with others. What glorious days by the side of the lake or in the mountains, the morning given to study and the afternoon to recreation. And then those wonderful evenings by the camp fire, with song and story. No wonder that in scores of places throughout the land near the conference centers cabins are being erected and whole families are transported from the parsonage to the home in the open where they may stay on even after the conference has adjourned.

The Permanent Summer Home

Still others find their way back year after year to some cottage by the seashore, or lodge by the lake, or abandoned farmhouse. Such a place has some of the permanence of an ancestral homestead. It is a wonderful experience for growing children to return to the familiar woodside or lake shore. In the turmoil of modern life, with frequent changes in pastorate, the minister's children often come to feel that nothing is stable or abiding. For such the summer home offers just the influence needed. They have one place on the face of the earth that is their own and to which their hearts never cease to turn.

A Vacation on Wheels

With the coming of the automobile, new vistas open before the minister and his family who are seeking a change. It would be interesting to know the number of those who, with heavily loaded Ford, perhaps dragging a trailer behind, turn the key in the parsonage door and head for the northern lakes or for the parks in the mountains. Municipal camp grounds along the way furnish convenient stopping places at night, scenery known only in picture or story unrolls before them as they leave the miles behind. There is a sense of exhilaration which comes from doing the unusual thing. Rivers are left behind, distant mountain ranges are explored, never-to-be-forgotten camps are made by the side of mountain streams. Such sunrises and sunsets, such



THE SIMPLE LIFE

sleep in the open, such appetite for food flavored by campfire smoke! With the coming of good roads, what vistas unroll! New England, with its historical background and scenery, the Great Lakes region, the Black

Hills, the Yellowstone, Colorado, just to name a few spots made possible by gasoline.

There yet remains a word to be said about those who have learned the secret of dwelling in tents in one spot by the side of some lake or mountain spring or stream. Here is an art older than living in houses, scorned by the many, hailed by the few. Those who choose it love it and would have no other. How prove that the Abraham way is best of all? Why try, when it eludes description! It's like the flavor of an apple, the odor of a rose! A few weeks thus spent will bring new life. Tents are cheap, and the land is wide. Enough said.

Winning the Boys

A Sermon by Rev. Jay N. Taft, Ph.D.

Los Angeles, California

"The Angel . . . bless the lads."—Gen. 48: 16.

SINCE Jacob made this prayer there has never been a time when boy-winning for God was more urgent than now. Judge Cropsey of the Brooklyn Juvenile Court, Judge Lindsey of Denver, and others are urging churchmen to be big brothers to the lads. We are told the bandit age has lapsed eight years in the last decade. How shall we win the boys? I suggest three things: Boys are worth winning; they are winnable; let them remain boys or boyish.

The last shall be first in our discussion. Let the boy remain young in thought and act. Probably Jesus was fond of sport when a lad. A well boy will not remain well nor do well if he is deprived of fun. We rightly revere the Puritans, but the lad you have won will get away from you if you work ecclesiastical restraints on him. Fun-loving lads, like lunatics, object to straight-jackets. Let the lad know he can be as jolly, rollicking, fun-loving, as his God-taught conscience permits. When I was a young convert, my aunt (sobersides) used to say, "Jay, when are you going to be sober?" It is well that my godly uncle was jolly.

Whittier well says, "Reason's voice and God's, Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds." Some men and more women cast away taste to get grace. Note the hideous garb of some nuns. When a lad gets the impression that religion means primarily *repression*, the time we can retain him will be in inverse ratio to the degree of pent-up energy he possesses. Many of us have a book entitled *Don'ts*. Alas, we have fed the boys on these—and lost them. Religion can not be taught by the rule of "don't." True, the Commandments are chiefly prohibitions, but Jesus preached his greatest recorded sermon without mentioning them. The burden of his thought was, be at your best in lip and life. Be somebody and show it in deeds. We win the boys when we turn them in on themselves and set them to work.

The best composite picture of a boy and a man is: "A boy with all a manhood's fire. A man with all a boyhood's feeling." Such are the world's needs. The priest or preacher who is chiefly a policeman without a club will not win the American boy. We smile when we read of the five-year-old, who, walking through the park with his father, said: "Say, pa, what a good time we could have if it wasn't for God and the policeman." But the lad represents a large class who think God's chief function is juvenile repression. "What," said a writer to another, "is the most vivid impression of your childhood?" "It is that I never had any childhood," was the sad reply. You recall that in President Roosevelt's message to the boys of America, he said: "The boy will not be much of a man unless he has been a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or weakling, bully, shirk, or prig. He must work hard and play hard; be clean-minded and clean-lived." This means that he is to develop manhood according to the laws of his being. Jesus comes to every lad and says: Be your best, physically, mentally, morally. Be so for your own good, the good of your fellows, and the glory of God. All this because religion is the art of living, an art as available to him as to his father.

Secondly, boys are winnable. We must believe this, believe it like giants, or there is no joy or victory. Consider a *basis* of faith. First, religion is designed for the lad, and he for religion. This is God's work. Tom Paine well said: Man is a religious animal. The boy is born religious. A lad is not an infidel till he sees that his father is.

Here is a picture of a lad who has just begun to think of right and wrong:

When mother was a little maid,
  She was so very good,
I really often think that she
  Must have been made of wood.
And very often, when I've been
  In mischief and been bad,
I think: Ain't it an awful shame
  That I took after dad?

Ah, if the privileges form the measure of our responsibilities, what of parental duty?

But here is our ground of hope for the lad. God has gone before us and given him a religious nature, as truly as a social. If this seems to be theory or simply opinion, note this fact, that boys have been and are being won by the million. It is said that eighty-five per cent. of our church members are won as children. Jerry McCauley's successor in New York mission work used to say: "In our slum work we do not expect to win any but those who were taught religion in childhood." Our foreign mission policy bases its hope in the youth of those lands. Revolution is potent, but evolution is mighty, glorious. Formation is better than reformation. Childhood evolves best.

Let me now name two corollaries, *viz.*, first: get the boys' parents at this winning business in the home. Here we see God's plan is ages old. Deuteronomy 6: 6-7 says: "Ye shall teach them unto thy children," etc.; Job reads: "Thy fathers, shall they not teach thee?" My second corollary is, persuade the fathers to bring the boys to church and stay with them in Sunday school. The Lord forgive us for the passing of the family pew. The nation is a stool on three legs, the home, the church, and school. Take away either and the stool tumbles. The Bible school is invaluable. Dr. Bushnell, speaking to H. C. Trumbull, called it "the greatest work in the world." "Sometimes," he said, "I think it is the *only* work in the world." Let the father learn that if the Bible school is not big enough for him it will soon be too small for his big boy. We are reminded of Marion Lawrance's old saying: "The best way I know to hold big boys in Sunday school is to build a wall of fathers between them and the door."

Finally, the boy is worth winning. This needs no proof. You know your boy is. Why? Because he is the making of a man. Here is our incentive to Sunday school, Y. M. C. A., mission work everywhere. God says, "I will make a man more precious than gold." The young are more precious than the product of all our farms and mills, and all the paper in our banks, because full-orbed character-building begins with them. The boy is a child of immortality, to decide whether this world shall swing towards the throne in righteousness, or simply whirl in mad rage of building skyscrapers and amassing colossal fortunes where

Each soul is worth so much on change,
And marked, like sheep, in figures.

A hundred years ago we exhorted men to save their souls, make sure of heaven. But our inspiration is loftier now. We are building manhood foursquare, carving masterpieces of human sculpture, the most magnificent thing beneath the blue vault and the starry sky. We have seen in many a life the worth of a boy who, under the polishing hand of God, becomes a masterpiece in the church, state and society. I asked a Sunday school lad what he intended to be, and lifting his little shoulders he proudly replied: "I am going to be a *man*." "I shall bring my son to hear you next Sunday," said a mother to me, "for I shall do all I can to make a man of him." Here is our hope. "The boy is father of the man." We ask him to be his best and be happy, that is all. A preacher, en route to preach, saw a boy fishing on the Lord's Day, left his carriage, and descended to the youth. Did he reprove the lad? No. He became acquainted with him; learned about his irreligious parents, spoke kindly to him, and extending his hand to him said, "Well, I must go to my church, but let me ask you not to forget to make the best of your life. Good-bye. God bless you." The boy joined a Sunday school, grew up, became the father of two Christian sons.

We cannot win a boy by cant and scare. They shock his manhood sense. Religion appeals to the heroic in boys. More and more religion is the manliness of Christ. The appeal of the best there is within us to be our best. The boy is worth winning. He is winnable. Let us win him.

Photo by G. R. Swain

The Huron River near Ann Arbor, Michigan

MY RIVER

BY HERBERT A. JUMP

My river winds across the fields
With many a haunting curve;
It cannot see around the bend,
It knows not where its travels end
Beyond the little hills that serve
As barriers to its view.
And yet it ever craves the new;
With hungers strange its waves are rife;
—And so it is with life.

My river looks up from its bed
Upon a roof of leaves;
The trees low-arch along its bank,
And cast their shadows rank on rank;
And all the shimmering foliage weaves
A tapestry of light.
But o'er the green the sky shines bright;
It pierces through like some sharp knife;
—And so it is with life.

My river flows through quiet lands
Where peace and beauty brood;
It laves the humble nodding reeds;
It waters kine on fertile meads;
It feeds the listening poet's mood.
But finally the hour
Of service comes; in helpful power
It seeks the humming city's strife;
—And so it is with life.

Religion in the Open Country

A Reflection Upon the Soil and the Soul

By Rev. John Moore
Amesbury, Mass.

IT becomes more of a mystery to me every year how so many people can live in the big, bustling cities and be religious at all. And I feel sure no one need look in the modern city for the highest types of Christianity; not that the Kingdom of Heaven is a matter of geography, but that the cities are what they are. For often they are huge heaps of brick and stone, dingy warehouses, narrow streets, serried tenements, dark alleys, and unsavory dwellings. In spite of the public buildings and monuments, the museums, libraries, and art galleries, the parks and halls of music and conservatories, ugliness sprawls all over the modern city. If you doubt this, replenish your faith by close observation. In general the modern city stands as the symbol of a man-made success; good enough, indeed, for a frankly utilitarian civilization, but none too elevating and ennobling.

Take an illustration, for which I am indebted to Mr. Basil de Selincourt's splendid essays on *The English Secret*. A hundred years ago when a man built a house he built it of materials at hand. So every village had its own architecture and possessed a natural harmony. The wood and stones of the district were repeated in the walls and roofs of the dwellings, and man's ingenuity found expression in decorating them. There was perfect homogeneity of landscape and house. But today when a man is going to build, his tin, iron, tiles, bricks, marble, mahogany, and what not, come from the ends of the earth. Hence in spite of the best intentions, ugliness becomes our great modern offence, because of lack of natural harmony in the surroundings, because of lack of repose in the environment. We travel to Europe to see the "antiquated things" and the "crumbly castles of the Kings," and in our peregrinations pass through lovely little villages built out of local material, by local people, and we say, "How quaint!" "How lovely!" "What a dream in stone!" The people appear to be related to their surroundings like a bird to its nest. Whilst in most of our big cities folk are torn with all kinds of wild disharmony, disease, and malaise.

When the late Will Crooks, the British parliamentarian, was speaking once in a large city he quoted with a glow of the orator's natural fervor the fact that on the British Empire the sun never sets. An old lady in the crowd chimed in, "Eh, that's nothing, in our alley the sun never shines!" That epitomizes with distinctness and clearness the problem of the modern city. It is a wonder that people in the big towns and cities can be religious at all!

But in the country how can people help being religious! If it be true that environment articulates man's dumb strivings and blind instinctive longings then here is every help, purgation for every emotion.

Here man is close to the soil which has been his greatest teacher from immemorial time. Earth nurses, nurtures, teaches him like some Wise Mother. Like a magnificent lover she woos and wins him. She is mated to him more intimately on the physical side than the husband to his bride. The kinship is a close one, a real "affinity," for man rose from the womb of the earth and in due course he is destined to melt back into its bosom. The earth placards destiny before man's eyes, and destiny has ever been a rich deposit in an articulated religion.

Nature's Democracy

Here man has spread before him authentic democracy. Nature knows no discrimination. Nature ignores with fine scorn the latitude and longitude from whence a man derives,—whether from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, or America. Nature never asks whether a man is Irish! She treats the potatoes of the Chinese with the same respect as she does the roses of Luther Burbank. If a man happens to be a Democrat she does not work in his behalf more than if he were a Republican. And she opens her arms with warm welcome to the Bolshevist on equal terms. She frowns on the evil-minded and punishes with impartiality all who strive to break her laws. She passes no "exclusion acts" and shudders not at any "yellow peril." The bravest Democrat that ever lived (and Dr. L. P. Jacks says the earth does live!), she waves the democratic principle ever before the eyes of men. True democracy is the nerve of religion. No man can be religious in the Christian sense and believe in exclusiveness.

> He drew a circle that shut me out—
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout—
> But love and I had the wit to win;
> We drew a circle that took him in.

Here, too, is beauty in so many of its varied aspects. The foaming foliage of summer woodlands; the majestic sweep of undulating hills; the mighty mountains visited by the drilling battalions of night; the kindling fires of dawn that waken the eastern sky; the soft carpet of emerald grass dusted with shattered rainbows; the dells overflowing with the song of birds; the brooks full of running laughter; the voice of torrents in storm; the lakes that lie like tears upon the face of earth; spring with its fires of green and gold; summer with its bright banners; autumn with its baskets of ripe and luscious fruit; winter with a world of white, its hush and rest. In the open country you may see the dewdrop glisten in the eye of a daisy—a diamond you could not secure at the jeweler's in New York; here you may gaze at the moon in grandeur sitting upon her silent throne, her very nudity streaming to the breast; here you may watch the graceful curve of the swallow and listen to the songs of the birds singing as if their very throats would split; here you can wander down roads that ramble through your heart, and smell the delicate aromas of violet and rose, wallflower, pear, and peach.

Talk about an art gallery! Look at the earth and the sky! What wonderful canvases they are! What can compare with the unstained splendor of the sky? with its clouds floating on the horizon like fairy palaces, billowing in fantastic shapes, and piling up like troops of elephants! What is a more delightful religious rapture than to lie on one's back in a meadow and gaze up at those floating bags of wool, satin, and silk in the empyrean above! All that and an afternoon to yourself, with the luxury of thought thrown in! What can bring one more to the dead center of religious reality than to sit among mangel-wurzel squat upon the ground, and to finger the soil, letting its atomic weight slip through the apertures of one's fingers. At least it is to feel the fine relation between the soil and the soul.

What can be sweeter, either in church or out of it, than to go through bosky dells to a wood, thread one's way through its variegated aisles on its spongy moss, to feel the welcome of its trees, to smell the scents of its brake ferns crushed, its wild mint sauce, its wild sage dressing,

God's Temple

By Zitella Cocke

Afar from church, afar from town,
I could not hear the men God sent
To cry: "Heaven's Kingdom is at hand,
Repent, ye sons of men, repent!"

I sought God's temple in a grove
Where waters ceaseless praise intone;
Beneath the grand and solemn trees
In silent prayer I knelt alone.

Sunlight and air in kindness vied,
Bringing a benediction sweet
To God's footstool, 'till it became
A loved and gracious mercy-seat.

No sound save faithful waters chant
When lo, unseen, the preacher came;
Unto my inmost soul he spake
And softly called me by a name.

It was a name I had not learned,
A name to home and friends unknown.
Yet something whispered me within
It was a name which was my own.

"Two masters, child, thou canst not serve.
Bid self go hence," the preacher said,
"The peace of God shall fill thy soul
Only when Serpent Self has fled."

Upon my face I fell and cried,
"Lord, take and keep my heart for thee."
I rose and knew that it was God,
Who, in his temple, talked with me.

its newly split wood, to lie in it, to roll in it for sheer fun as a child or an animal might do! Here the body breathes the soul of beauty! Here one can exclaim with Tennyson, "What an imagination God has!" Here one can catch the clear accent of meaning in the words of the ancient seer, "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." Yes, look at the earth and you shall find cartoons more wonderful than the pictures of Raphael; friezes grander than any of the Parthenon; sculptures more beautiful and awe-inspiring than any which have been exhumed from the temples of Karnack and Assyria. Truly God made the country!

Here in the country's heart where the grass is green
Life is the same sweet life it e'er hath been,
Trust in God still lives and the bell at morn
Floats like the thought of God o'er the rising corn.
God comes down in the rain and the crops grow tall;
This is the country faith—and the best of all.

In the open country the earth is a temple beautiful, a vast cathedral with penciled spires, solemn silence, gorgeous ritual; a mosque with storied minarets and fretted balconies from which invisible muezzins publish a call to prayer! One comes close to God in the country.

The Rising Tide of Unity

Another great distinguishing characteristic of our time, besides that of the rise of the city, is the rising tide of unity and the feeling for fellowship in the world. It is like the surge and swell of the ocean in the distance, every moment coming nearer, its sound the harbinger of the certainty that ere long it will charge like triumphant battalions upon the erstwhile irresistible strand.

Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in, the main.

The people everywhere, brown, black, yellow, white, are slowly feeling their way to strength—the strength of fellowship. Youth is rising in its sturdy and steady power, a loftier race with the light of freedom in its eyes, demanding sweeter manners, purer laws. The great big idea of internationalism is knocking at the doors of our minds; it is gnawing like a hunger in our hearts. When the War came we published a watchword: "World dominion or downfall." Now that is being changed to "Goodwill or downfall!" We have had quite enough of the will to believe, the will to power; we are out for the will to fellowship. This is expressing itself in the religious field.

In the past our fathers gave us many gifts, and among them our religious differences. Those differences of religious thought are important. It were foolish to think otherwise. But they are important as gifts, and we should so regard them. Are you an Episcopalian? Then you have a long history, a sense of continuity, a dignified ritual, a religious service of order and beauty. Let nobody belittle it in your presence! Are you a Baptist? Then the sense of independence is yours, the freedom of the faith quite as historic. Stand by that before all men! Are you a Methodist? Then you have a religion of inwardness, a polity of uniqueness and power. Be true to those central facts of the religious life! Are you a Congregationalist? Then freedom is yours, independence is yours, inwardness in religion is yours, discipleship is yours, for you may take what is good in every faith, add to it the conscience of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the imagination of the poets and seers of the ages, and bind them to the chariot of your triumph in your ministry of service. Be firm in your faith! It is your gift—a love gift. This is true of all denominations.

The Common Treasury of Service

But now cannot we take all our respective gifts and cast them into the common treasury of service—in the open country? We certainly ought to. The will to fellowship demands it. The age in which we are called to serve will be satisfied with no less. Religion in the open country! abandoned churches! poverty-stricken ministers! wrangling sects! yet an economic Eden! I read a story of two missionaries in Central Africa the other day. They carried an organ out into a benighted area to discourse music for the natives. The heathens gathered round and listened awe-struck awhile. Then they rose in their wrath and smashed the organ, the missionaries barely escaping with their lives. Afterwards they cautiously returned and asked an explanation. They were told that the natives had come to believe "the devil was inside" the box! For my purpose the organ is the different denominations, grinding out their miserable music, peddling their peanut pieties of puritanism, manifesting pitiful snobbery, meanness, ignorance, and insensibility to the claims of a wider spiritual life. Thus they bring spiritual death and spiritual stagnancy into the country communities. It is a wonder that the communities do not rise in righteous indignation and slay such religious Philistinism! In the open country, where there are all the conditions for "giveness" in religion, the opportunity is ripe for new ventures in religious education, ventures that will eliminate the joylessness and jarring discords with recreation, dramatic plays, folk dances, and pageantry to match the varied pageant of Nature. O, Country Life, how I love you! and would I could express all in my life that I see in your beautiful face!

This morning I read in a book that early representations of the Christ in art are never of him on the Cross, but always of the Christ risen, ascended, triumphant! I do not know if that is authoritative, but it deserves to be. For it is wonderfully suggestive! It is beauty assorted and suggested! It points clearly to the supersession of the Cross! Can we take the hint?—in the open country?

What all our religious communions should remember is this: God comes into life not as a theory, however beautiful, but as power, a power which draws men together in a common purpose, and fills them with the inspiration of hope, the energy of faith, to carry it through. This power, I believe, is rising today. Let us open our hearts to receive it.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly. —*Cicero.*

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

A True Story

By Charles S. Tapley
Danvers, Mass.

Bill Edwards and his wife lived on the great hill overlooking the village of Northport. It was a convenient location because it commanded a view of the entire valley and they could watch for the houses to light up one by one. For twenty years they had robbed the countryside, but during the past few years the manufacture of moonshine had absorbed their attention.

The hill was steep and the revenue officers dreaded it, and left Bill to his own resources. The good people of Northport likewise avoided Bill, and the good parson of the village church had almost given up hope of reforming him. Mrs. Edwards was a partner in the distillery, and labored early and late to make it a success.

The minister decided to lay the matter before God and to ask him to solve the problem.

One day on their return from the village Bill and Mrs. Edwards chanced to take the lower road. Just before the road forks to the south in the old Bryant barn they heard a loud cry. Strangely it arrested their sympathy. They investigated, and to their surprise found a boy perhaps four years of age. They drove over to the village and took the garage men into their confidence, and he promised to ask concerning the identity of the boy. But his investigations were fruitless and even now the boy's ancestry is unknown. Bill and his wife kept the young man and he has proved a gold treasure.

They argued that it would be impossible to continue in the moonshine game, and they gave it up entirely. The young man asked many questions and some of them were difficult to answer, but as soon as possible the stills were disbanded and carted to the junk heap.

On the great hill overlooking Northport is today a prosperous farm, a monument to the industry of Bill Edwards and Mrs. Edwards in their later years. The good parson lived to see his prayer answered, and to have the ex-moonshiner a pillar in his church.

This transformation reminds me of the beautiful passage in *Silas Marner:*

In old days there were angels who took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into their's which leads them forth gently to a bright and happy land, so they may look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

The Wayside Reservoir

By Vlyn Johnson

A reservoir of kindliness, dear Lord, I long to be,
Whose sunlit waters, fresh and cool, spring secretly from thee,
So that however deep the draught I offer passerby,
My reservoir fills full again from unseen fresh supply,
And I can quench his thirst and mine, and still can offer more,
Because eternal springs renew my wayside reservoir.

On a Midsummer Trout Stream

The Lure of the Open and Its Rewards

By O. W. Smith
Evansville, Wis.

EVERY ONE knows how attractive midsummer is, but only those who follow the windings of a trout stream, slipping in and out of leafy copses, wandering far just to caress the sprawling feet of a group of white birches, turning back many a rod to water a bunch of blue iris, know the real heart-joy of midsummer. A trout stream has the habit of getting behind things, beyond things, and he who follows it with seeing and understanding eye is going to worm many a secret from the unwilling heart of Nature. "Unwilling"? No, hardly, for in God's out-o'-doors, whosoever seeks surely finds, if he seeks long enough and sincerely enough.

Of old I have been a trout fisherman, and for some years now, a writer of angling articles and fishing books; so that I have come to be regarded in certain quarters as an "expert" on the subject. Folks write letters to me from all over the country, asking all sorts of questions regarding "rods and reels and traces," to borrow friend Kipling's expression, mistakenly thinking that I am a fisherman because I have a large collection of tackle. Now the fact of the matter is, while I do possess many famous rods and reels, together with all sorts of hooks, lines, lures, etc., it is God's out-o'-doors, the lure of the open, and not the lure of tackle that makes me an angler. I divide men into two classes, anglers and fishermen: the first are those to whom fishing is a means to an end, the second those to whom fishing is an end in itself. The angler fishes for a good time and takes it with him; the fisherman fishes for fish and if he toils all night or all day without success, counts the day lost.

Beginning the Day

The other morning I left the house very early, long before the other preacher over the way had thought or dreamed of getting out of bed, for I have found the morning hours the best for the sort of fishing I delight in, though I seldom catch any trout before seven o'clock. I love to get out into the country before even the forehanded farmers have stirred. There is something about the early morning air that lifts me, invigorates me. I could almost do miracles in the early morning. I love to get out into the country before the laggard sun gets out of his bed. There is a sort of virtue in beating the sun; you feel good all day long. Then, too, the morning hours are not so hot, and midsummer is pretty sure to be hot, torrid. On a real midsummer day the air fairly trembles with the excess of heat by nine of the morning.

On the day of which I write I stepped into my stream at exactly four-thirty by my watch. (I hope you noticed that possessive pronoun, "my." It *is* my stream, though I have no title to the pasture land through which it flows, or to the trout found in its limpid depths. It is mine because I have heard it whispering love nothings to the bending grass, and chuckling away over a joke or two we have in common. There is a possession that does not touch tangibles, for the intangibles alone are real.) I was so early that the birds were yet sleepy; anyway they can afford to be lazy now, the young well able to care for themselves and the southern migration close at hand. Sometimes, if early enough, you will catch the birds singing for a little space with a recrudescence of springtime fervor. So on this morning there was a catbird in a willow copse that poured forth his wonderfully variegated song as though it were the opening of the season. Over and over he sung

In My Trout Stream

it, until, catching sight of me, he suddenly stopped his music and awoke the echoes with yowls and discordant screeches until I perforce dropped my rod and clapped my hands over my offended ears. When a bird can sing like the catbird why in Heaven's name should he resort to such feathered billingsgate? But then there are folks who —shucks! What's the use?

I made my way against the current, for in fly-fishing as in life, it is the upstream things that are worthwhile. No fish were rising, so I flecked my fuzzy-wuzzy lures idly here and there, not expecting anything, not catching anything. If you are going to catch trout you must expect to catch trout. While luck may crown the dilettante fisherman now and then, she will never fill his basket. But then I was more interested in the sights and sounds around me than I was in fishing. One can catch trout any time if he knows the ways of the brook denizens, and only now and then can he have such a morning as I was blessed with. A yellow bird with a black eye-patch over either eye flashed through the brush and I waited expectantly for the "witchity, witchity, witchity" I knew would be forthcoming. Nor was I disappointed, for the voice rung out close at hand, and while I could not see the singer, I knew it was the Maryland yellow-throat. Ah, the yellow-throat, he knows the witchery of the trout streams as well as I, and he is not backward in telling the world about it.

The Catch

So the hands of my watch moved on and pointed at seven. Not a fish had I taken, not a fish had I tried to take. Though the farmer who saw me at my avocation reported to his wife, "The Parson is fishing again," all my fishing had been done in the shrubs which lean lovingly out over the waters of the brook. "Here, here," said I to myself, "this will never do! Get busy and catch us a couple of trout for breakfast." Off under the right bank above me the restless current had gnawed out a hole, which from my vantage point appeared dark and deep. I knew it for the home of a whole family of trout from granddad down. Looking quickly at my fly, a Royal Coachman, and glancing above and back to see that no outreaching branch stood ready to interfere, I sent the little bunch of brightly colored feathers out and up, to strike as lightly as a bit of thistledown upon the surface of the water. For a moment it floated idly; then, feeling the pull of the current, started back into the black pool. I knew what must inevitably happen. I was ready. Came a rush, a parting of the water, and the rod leaped back. I was "in" a good fish, as the anglers say. No, I am not going to attempt to describe the battle, for I can't. The two-and-one-half-ounce split-bamboo stood the strain as it has always done and in due time the fish came, vanquished, into my net. "I don't want you," quoth I. "You are too large for my purpose. Go back to your home in the black hole beneath the bank." So I released him, the grandfather of the family.

You see, my little pocket cook-kit will not accommodate fish longer than seven inches, that is, with their heads off. Without stirring from my position, I sent the same fly back into the same pool, and was rewarded with a beautiful, firm, ten-inch sparkler. Him I killed and placed in the damp ferns in my basket. A second came to lie by his side and I had enough for breakfast. Enough is enough, always. Then I hunted out a gentle slope beneath a wide-spreading oak tree, whose drooping branches shut the sun out, built a tiny fire no larger than my hat, brewed a cup of coffee, and fried my two trout. Forth from my basket came the inevitable sandwich and we dined, myself and I, there upon the sloping bank above the little creek. The meal disposed of and the few dishes washed, scrubbed in the white sand of the creek bottom and set out in the already scalding sun to dry, I stretched me out on the soft green grass to laze. Already it was wondrously hot, the air pulsing with the throb of midsummer insects, but it did

not bother me at all. I liked it. The minutes sped unheeded by. I just rested.

The Indigo Bunting Preaches

It was ten o'clock before I re-entered the stream and splashed upward, for I had all the time there was, and all I needed or would take was four fish for the home folks' dinner. The birds were silent save for an indigo bunting which sang from the top of a small tree back in the pasture, sang as though the torrid atmosphere was but a spur to vocalization. Did you ever see such a bird for hot weather! When every other feathered songster seeks the deepest shades, he mounts his favorite platform, a lonesome tree, where he perches, a black spot against the blue sky, his own clothes deep blue and black. Against the blue sky he always appears black. And he is a good singer, too. Always he is more than an entertainer to me; to me he is a preacher. If he can sing in the face of the August sky when all other birds give up, I guess I can stand up under whatever of temptation and testing is my portion. I guess I ought to be as much of a man as he is a bird. I love the indigo bunting not alone for his music but for his midsummer courage.

At noon I find myself at the upper end of the meadow, not far from the car station, and with my four fish tucked away amid some freshly gathered fern, moist from the cold waters of the creek, I hurry to catch the twelve-ten car back to town. I might linger longer, for Sunday's sermon is ready for delivery, but the indigo bird has given me a thought that should be included in the discourse and I must hasten back before the inspiration is gone. So, reader, when things go rough, and cares irk, go trout fishing in midsummer. You will sweat, yes, and you will sweat a deal of meanness out, too. We need to sweat. It has a spiritual as well as physical value. Then we need above all to catch the heart-message of the indigo bunting. I was going to say something about tackle and the proper way of using it; but after all it is more important to go fishing than to catch fish.

Unitarian May Meetings

Reported by George Lawrence Parker

THE 99th annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, known as "the May Meetings," came to Boston the week of May 18-23, on its yearly pilgrimage, and has now dissolved itself again into separate parishes, persons, and preachers throughout the country.

I think it will be granted by the majority that this gathering was marked by more than usual good fellowship, always prominent, but increased, perhaps, in 1924 by the approach of the 100th birthday of the Association that comes next year. The spirit of activity and health may also have come from the fact that things yet to be done had far more prominence than things done in the past. It was not often that the drawling note of Madam Reminiscence was heard. She was forever shouted down by the sweet, insistent tones of her daughter, Miss Expectation, and the lusty shouts of her son, young Mr. Let's Go! As Mr. Rhondda Williams said in one of the foremost addresses of the week, he clearly detected "a sound of a going everywhere." And while we have his name on our lips it may be said that Rhondda Williams gave such a hopeful description of the Labor Cabinet in England, and such a fine view of the personality of Ramsay MacDonald as to captivate the huge crowd that heard him.

The meeting on Tuesday was the official meeting of the American Unitarian Association. Its most conspicuous action was the combining of the A. U. A. and the Conference. The Conference, formerly a sort of Field General for the Executive A. U. A., was merged into the latter. It was the outcome of nearly five years of hard work by a committee headed by Rev. F. R. Griffin of Philadelphia. Its result will make for unity and democracy without impairing one meeting every two years which will partake of the general character of the former Conference. It is a great step forward in directness, simplicity, and democracy. At the afternoon meeting the addresses of Mr. DeFoldes, representing Unitarian Hungarians in the Middle West, the brave words of Dr. Fisenlohr of Cincinnati, a romantic story of a liberal-minded congregation finding a home now, by its own voluntary action, in the Unitarian body made us feel that the fervor of joy in missionary work is still one of the human possibilities, and that right here in America!

At this meeting Dr. Charles W. Eliot appeared and spoke for about ten minutes. Never did he seem of larger dimensions! And hearts thrilled when he said, in that restraint that underlines all his words with mystic emphasis, "I have watched the movements of public nature, social, religious, national, and international, for now seventy years, and I want to assure you that never have I seen the world in such a hopeful state as now." I think my quotation marks here are correct; and he then showed that he meant that it was not the immediate conditions that he referred to but to the movements going on that marked indomitable progress. It was a great thing to be able to set this optimism against prevailing pessimism. It should be said that this same encouragement was given at the Laymen's League great meeting on Monday night in Unity House.

Wednesday was Alliance Day, and right nobly did the women of this branch of the church uphold their fine reputation. The new president, Mrs. Oscar Gallagher, presided with wisdom and dignity; and Mrs. Pomeroy and Dr. W. L. Sullivan, with prophetic vision, led the Alliance into fields to be won in the immediate future. At the luncheon at one o'clock at Unity House, where the Ministerial Union and the Laymen's League held joint conference on "The Rights and Responsibilities of the Minister," frank discussion was enjoyed of this ever-present matter. For the ministers the speakers were Rev. G. L. Parker of Newton Centre and Rev. Lyman Rutledge of Dorchester, while Mr. John B. Nash of New York and Mr. M. R. Wolfard of Cambridge spoke for the laymen.

On that same evening Mr. John H. Finley addressed an overflowing audience in Arlington Street Church, under the auspices of the Social Service Council. His address was in the form of an allegorical word-picture of modern life. The strip of land called Egotia—here we all live and strive for our own interests, be they good or bad; it is Egotia none the less, the land of the Magnified Ego! Then there is a territory called Publicola, the land of paid public service, a land into which many settlers are crowding because the pay is sure, even when small. Government and public organizations are taking toll of too much of our citizenship; there is too little of unselfish good work now! But between these two strips of territory runs a third, a middle strip. It is the fair land of Altruria, the land of pure devotedness to others, and for no reward save that of benefitting the whole land! This third strip must at last swallow up Egotia and Publicola if the "perfect state" of all our dreams since Plato are to come true.

On Thursday the Sunday School Society met in Second Church. The attendance was one more proof of large interest. Religious education, among liberals as well as conservatives, is discovering that Jesus spoke but the simple truth when he "set the child in the midst" and made all life revolve around human infancy and youth. The address of Prof. Henry J. Cadbury on "How to Make the New Testament Real," was a sane, wise utterance on the reality of mankind's chief book; make the teachers teach the words of Jesus as if they were spoken now; only then will He be truly understood. Commissioner Payson Smith gave a stirring call to action, in his afternoon speech, and made Massachusetts delegates feel his energy and keenness of vision in a way to arouse confidence that the state has a capable leader in its public school problems. It was interesting to hear him express some doubt of the widely-advertised panacea of "week-day religious schools." At this meeting a new society, the Religious Arts Guild, made its initial bow. Under the leadership of Rev. E. R. Shippen, Rev. C. A. Drummond, and Dr. Richard Cabot, this Guild seeks to bring back beauty, not ritualism, into the heretofore neglectful liberal Congregational branch of the church.

While all of these meetings were going on various societies like the Children's Mission to Children, the Unitarian Temperance Society, and the Guild of Parish Workers, were holding separate meetings. It would be impossible to report them all. Every one was a co-operating part, and let it be emphasized, co-operating not merely with Unitarian activities but with every agency, of whatever name or denomination that with like purposes is seeking the public health and the establishment of the Kingdom of God.

It was a good "sign of the times" that in the midst of larger questions such a matter as the single parish organization, and the personal status of the minister should receive frequent treatment, in wisdom and consecrated good-nature. It was seen in the Wednesday meeting mentioned above; seen at the Ministerial Union; and was prominent at the Festival on Thursday night in the words of Mr. James P. Munroe.

On Friday the Young People's Religious Union held its meetings; space allows us only to say that health and vigor were so evident that the calamity-howlers who say that our youth are entirely irreligious seem to us to need another guess!

In conclusion, the week was marked not by wise action, primarily, though there was much of that—much of it in the fine guiding hand of President Samuel A. Eliot, much of it in votes and resolutions—as seen in the approval given to the peace resolution, and the disapproval given to Japanese exclusion,—but the real mark and seal was in the spirit of progress that was shown, the spirit of a Christian appreciation for all groups of men everywhere who seek to do the work of Christ, and the spirit that said plainly, "We live in our own world; we must seek our own solutions; if the past helps we accept its help; if it hin-

ders us, so much the worse for the past; the sound of the going in the tops of the trees cannot be disobeyed any more than the call of the spring can be disobeyed by the trees, nor the call of life be disobeyed by all who would live. God is in his world; all may not be right, but if wrong we endeavor to seek his present guidance in present needs."

A "Bridge Builder" of Williams

An Appreciation of the late Rev. John Henry Denison, D.D.—1841-1924

By Rev. Carroll Perry

Ipswich, Mass.

In the decade of the '80s and for about seven years there stood a man in the pulpit of the Williams College Chapel who gripped the serious, and wrought fascination upon the careless whose wandering minds were sometimes curious to see how a man looked when he was thinking.

Figure trim and athletic, with square brown beard, delicate profile, brow of great purity; face radiant with vitality, possessing the most winsome and persuasive smile; each nerve and muscle in action through intense concentration of thought; sweep of imagination, passionate eloquence not about things familiar, not leading you over old, hard-beaten roads but blazing new paths through dark woods, and bringing you out into the open where sunlight seemed sudden and startling and new—this was John Henry Denison in his magnificent prime. New paths, be it said, and repeated, for these were difficult times in the realm of the spirit, men's hearts were failing them for fear, the whole creation was groaning and travailing, all by reason of the impact of Evolutionary Thought, the collision of a new world with the old.

Times of transition! and here stood a teacher and preacher of the Word who possessed the supreme gift of an imagination that enabled him to span the formidable chasm, to become a bridge-builder for lesser minds, for timorous spirits. He was a Pontifex Maximus in the literal sense of that curious phrase.

Those were exciting days for thoughtful people, old as well as young. Minds were in commotion. Values moved swiftly up and down on the mental exchanges. You could start the day with your faith in good working order, by noon have bumped into a British periodical, and by five o'clock be ready to make an assignment of your whole cargo to Huxley and Company. Just as you were making up your mind whether to telegraph John Fiske or Lyman Abbott to tide you over, you fell asleep in your study chair. But the next day you were at it again, wondering, pondering, worrying, agonizing. Then came John Henry Denison. While a transcendentalist first, last and all the time, the intellect, the poetic imagination, the practical moral purpose that governed him, recognized a unifying not a disruptive principle in Evolutionist philosophy. He went to their picnic but he carried his own lunch.

Outside the pulpit, as well as in it, he was a magnetic person, and there was nothing professorial about him. He was serious, of course, yet full of fun, full of sparkling wit, and of genial humor. He loved to talk and to gesture, a cigar in one hand, a fire-poker in the other.

Nowhere, nor at any time, were his words tools at all, in the ordinary sense; they were flags—flags to signal with, and one had to know the code! "The church," he would call out across the fireplace, "is the extension of the revelatory organism!"

Now, unsuspecting young man, be careful how you assent to that! For that may mean you have got to trudge through snowdrifts to the Whiteoaks Chapel next Sunday afternoon and teach a small class of darky children. Getting implicated in those "organisms" and "extensions" of his was no laughing matter!

Space is not allowed me at present writing for a worthy consideration of Dr. Denison's book entitled *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural;* but one must be allowed to speak of his notable —I was about to say, famous biographical sketch of his intimate friend and college classmate, General Armstrong, of Hampton. This piece of work has every quality to be found in great creative biography. All art of portrayal, a Williams man has said, depends upon preliminary imaginative insight, and the secret of insight is sympathy; finding your man, loving him, then painting him as he was.

Now, in this portrait of a great pioneer, Dr. Denison, with the finest art of realism has shown us a gallant ideal form, carrying the royal colors. But the humanity of his hero was no greater than the humanity of the artist; it was only different. The humanity of a great man of action like Armstrong was superb; and the humanity of this quiet, thinking, loving gentleman of the study was not less so. Of Armstrong, Denison says:

> Given command of a colored regiment, he studied the character of the men under him with his usual accuracy. A friend who visited him at that time remonstrated with him, because, while he protected his troops, he pitched his own tent under fire. He replied that the morale of the colored troops required it; that they would do anything for a man who showed himself superior to fear.

John Henry Denison, too, in those later days of intellectual conflict and spiritual struggle, pitched his own tent under fire, away in advance of his troops, in advance of his time. Against spiritual negation and religious doubt, against materialists and fatalists, against Epicureans and cynics, he waged a ceaseless, uncompromising fight, clutching to the very last the standard of the soul's freedom, and verily gloating over the unsearchable riches of Christ.

> I beheld then that they all went on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a Spring. Christian now went to the Spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying:
> This hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
> The difficulty will not me offend;
> For I perceive the way to Life lies here;
> Come, pluck up, Heart; let's neither faint nor fear.

Students Organize for Peace

By Miriam Keeler

"When the Mississippi breaks its dams or overflows the levees, sandbags are rushed in; only when the flood is checked can the engineers remedy the causes and arrange outlets and safety devices which will remove the danger of future floods." In that sense, as Thomas Harrison, the chairman, put it, the students who met at Wellesley Hills, Mass., Sunday, May 18, may well be called sandbags. They are declaring themselves so many obstacles in the path of war. They will obstruct and not give way. "If war should be declared tomorrow we'd go to prison." Some reach this point through seeing that love and good-will are the only weapons consistent with the ethical principles of Jesus; some through the conviction that war is not only futile, but it is a threat against the very existence of the race. Many have both points of view. But they are more than sandbags; they aspire to be also the scientists who study the causes of war and how to remove them, and the engineers who put into effect the necessary reforms, economic, racial, and political.

At this particular meeting—an all-day affair in the open air, with hot dogs, rolls, and milk for everybody—the Fellowship of Youth for Peace brought together students from the various colleges of Greater Boston. The Fellowship is one phase of the American Youth Movement. Youth movements the students explain as revolts of the young and forward-minded against old evils and oppressions. They are the protest of humanity against dry rot. At present the reddest shame, the most threatening danger, the most sinister evil, is war. Therefore the F. Y. P. and similar organizations in other countries spring up as the deepest expression of the Youth Movement.

Organized at Indianapolis at the Student Volunteer Convention last December, the F. Y. P. has already taken root in college after college. The young men and girls who join it are illumined, vitalized, their power multiplied. At Boston University Theological School, Thomas Q. Harrison has given up his studies temporarily to have time enough to meet with the student groups who want him to talk to them. He and his roommate, Howard G. Lytle, have carried on a campaign at their own school which has enrolled a quarter of the students as pacifists in the last few months. Harrison fought in the tank corps during the last war; he will never fight in another war, and there are many who agree with him. Stanley High, an ex-soldier of the air service, is speaking at colleges throughout New England, showing with clear, remorseless logic that it is up to the youth of this generation to solve the war problem before it is too late.

All this means that youth is revaluating life. It is through with the propaganda of things-as-they-are and profit-to-the-powerful, and out for truth. It is turning from disillusionment to action. What was not, and as they now know could not be won by fighting, the youth of today are beginning to create together in fellowship and candor and good-will. Promising as the American Youth Movement is, moreover, it but reflects more ardent, more determined youth movements among the European nations. These are sounding the one note of hope for a peaceful and constructive solution of Europe's tangle of hatred and distrust.

Meeting of Evangelical Alliance

The Evangelical Alliance of Greater Boston met May 12, in Park St. Church. Dr. D. H. Johnston, of Scranton, Pa., moderator of the Lackawanna Presbyterian Assembly, spoke on "The Virgin Birth." He said in part:

> The opponents of supernatural religion attack the strategic points. An attack on the virgin birth is an attack on supernaturalism. There has never been anything like the virgin birth before or since. Jesus did not spring from earth. He was sent here by his heavenly Father from the other side. When you deny the virgin birth you throw away the key that unlocks the mystery of his life. Christ is not the product of natural forces. No sinless man was ever produced by natural generation.

Three resolutions offered by Dr. A. Z. Conrad were unanimously adopted. One endorsed the position of the speaker that Jesus Christ was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Another urged the investigation of the United States District Attorney's office by the United States Attorney General, as requested by the Anti-Saloon League. The third endorsed the candidacy of Congressman Dallinger for the United States Senate.

Earthly treasure is only laid up as heavenly treasure is laid down. And the inversion is true, also; for heavenly treasure can only be acquired as the earthly is renounced. At the heart of all human life is obligatory sacrifice. Its issues are forever determined as individual choice is made of alternative renunciation.—*J. Stuart Holden.*

The Editor's Bible Class

Conducted by William E. Gilroy

Return and Rebuilding

Comment on the International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for June 15. The Return and the Rebuilding of the Temple. Ezra 3: 8-13, 6: 14-15.

About fifty years after the Jews were carried off to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, deliverance from slavery and oppression came through the emergence of a new conqueror. Cyrus of Persia in 538 B.C. conquered Babylon. Probably for political reasons he befriended the Jews and encouraged them to return to Jerusalem. A brief, but excellent, and for practical purposes sufficient, summary of the historical backgrounds of this lesson may be found in the "Helps" in Bagster's Teachers' Bible. It is in the account of *The Persian Period*, in the chapter dealing with *Jewish history between the Old and the New Testament periods.*

The freedom of interpretation with which one should read these Old Testament narratives is there well suggested. The Jews, naturally, thought highly of Cyrus. They saw in him not only God's providential deliverer, but one who was himself actuated by high religious motives and by the command of God. "He (Cyrus) was looked upon as their benefactor, and regarded as 'anointed' by the Lord for their deliverance from the Babylonian yoke." Cyrus was doubtless a wise ruler as well as a great conqueror, but the priestly historians read into his actions their own devout spirit, and interpreted his deliverance in terms of their own religion.

Cyrus, it is stated, was not, as formerly supposed, a believer in One Supreme God. "But recently it has been proved from the deciphering of a small clay cylinder now in the British Museum, that he was a worshiper of the old heathen idols of his ancestry." We may, therefore, understand the limited and priestly significance of such expressions as "The word of the Lord came," or "Thus spake the Lord." But was Cyrus less the agent of Providence in liberating Israel? By no means. The Bible clearly teaches that Providence acts through all lives. God "maketh the wrath of men to praise him." Cyrus, in friendliness and large-minded tolerance, restored the Jews to their homeland. In this he did a greater thing than he knew, making possible the establishment of the Jewish theocracy. James I, in unfriendly and intolerant spirit, harried the Pilgrims out of England, but can any one doubt that Providence brought them to America?

The ancient writers expressed the thing in their own way, but they were right in seeing the hand of God in history. It was their faith and purpose that made Cyrus' action significant. Probably Cyrus had a colonizing purpose and the hope of establishing a loyal and friendly people on the outskirts of his empire. Whatever *his* intention, the purpose of the Jewish leaders is clear. They were engaged in a spiritual pilgrimage and return. All the religion that had been revived with new meaning as the exiles remembered Zion, singing with difficulty the Lord's song in a strange land, now came to practical expression. It is true that it took on an unduly ritualistic and priestly character that ultimately proved its undoing, but it was a noble and spontaneous expression of deep visions and holy aspirations.

Three things may be emphasized:

1. All great religious experience is an experience of *return.* In individual and national life progress comes through a return to the place where wandering began, or to a place of special inspiration and vision. There are shrines of the past where we gain strength to meet the present and future.

2. All noblest religious experience expresses itself in *the passion for construction and reconstruction.* Paul speaks of *edifying* the church. The impulse to *build* is as essential an element of the Christian life as the impulse to *be.*

3. The deepest religious experience has the *note of social progress.* In days of prosperity and individual ambition the poor were neglected. But with the return of vital religion the national, or social, consciousness revives. The social note is nowhere more beautifully and effectively sounded than in the prophecies of the Exile and Return.

Great Teachings of the Bible: II. The Grace of God

In the beginning God. But only the God of the beginning. If we had only the story of creation we should have *personality, purpose, plan,* but we should still be far from "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The study of God in the Bible takes us from the glimmerings of truth concerning creation to the full revelations of the God of grace.

Man's discovery of God, it should be realized, has meant man's discovery of himself. "God made man in his own image," but man made God also in *his* own image, and men still so make God today. It is true that men see in God something better than themselves, but they see him *through* themselves, in the aspirations and perfections of which their own souls speak. It is important to grasp this. Otherwise we fail to understand the way in which the Bible is the product of human experience—the result of man's *experience* of God.

We shall not pursue the scholar's study of God in the Bible, his names and attributes, the question of his nature and jurisdiction. Was he in early Jewish thought a *tribal* deity? When did he come to be regarded as the God of the whole earth, and as the Father of a universal brotherhood?

These are questions that we may leave to the critical student, though they are important questions. But as a company of average Bible readers, if the Bible is to yield us its message, we must pass in our personal experiences through the developing experience recorded in the Bible by which men came to know God.

We may trace these stages: First is the consciousness of God as Power, but the Power of personal will. He is the Creator or Maker. Next comes the sense of God as the God of the Moral Law. He is a *righteous* God. What an immense stage of advancement that perception of God marks in man himself! He has discovered that there is such a thing as sin, or injustice; there are things that are good and things that are evil, but God is good. Then comes a developing sense of this goodness—there is the problem of pain and affliction. Is God angry with the suffering and afflicted? Is he punishing men for their sins through the sorrows that come upon them?

The crude, practical philosophy of life at first said so. But how soon the idea developed of God as *protector* and *helper. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms* is not a discovery of New Testament times, but a voice out of the experience of the early life of Israel. Some prophet and saint far in advance of his age had looked far into the depths of life and found in the Almighty a bond of *sympathy* with human life.

It was a foregleam of the association of goodness with suffering and service, and of the conception of God so nobly revealed in the prophecies of the Exile. And this picture of the suffering servant was, in turn, a foregleam of the gospel of a sacrificial God, eternally yearning for his lost children—the gospel preached by Jesus in his life and death, the gospel set forth by Paul in relation to Judaism and in its philosophical bearings. We must interpret that gospel for our age and environment as Paul interpreted it for his. Its best terminology for the modern world may not be the terminology that Paul used for a Judaistic constituency. But its substance is the same, and if we desire to enter into the full richness and meaning of the gospel of the grace of God, we cannot do better than re-live the process of Biblical experience moving with men as they moved forward into deeper perceptions of God and of their own souls.

The process was not regular nor continuous. Here and there men attained to heights of vision and expression, followed by periods of lapse. Nor did all of Israel attain the highest vision. All stages, in fact, are marked in the religious life today, where we find those to whom God is mainly Power, and those to whom God is the Holy One, the Spirit of Love and Righteousness and Truth. In this respect the Bible is the book of the present as it is the book of the past. An intelligent reading of it helps us to understand the varieties and stages of religious experience today. But, above all, it helps us to understand the true goal of progress in experience: *Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*

Sight in Darkness

By Jessie Dudley

(Editors' Note: *These verses are written by the widow of a Congregational minister. She is rapidly losing her eyesight but her spiritual power is remarkable and makes her a source of great inspiration to those who know her.*)

I'm growing blind, I scarce can see to find my way;
But I have friends that watch o'er me, lest I should stray.
They listen when they hear my step upon the stair
Or anywhere, lest I should fall. I love them all.

I cannot see to read, or sew, or darn or mend,
Those useful days, for me, at last have reached the end.
There are a few things I can do to help along,
And this is good; for it I feel true gratitude.

My wants are met, my needs supplied;
What can I ask, dear Lord, beside?
Patience to bear the pain I fee!
Despite my care and doctor's skill;
A heart of cheer with every one
From dawn of day till set of sun.
Another gift, an open mind
In every one the good to find.
But best of all that gift of heaven
The perfect peace so freely given
To him whose mind is stayed on Thee,
Dear Lord, grant me, yes, even me.

OUR INVALID PARISH

Winfred Rhoades
Pastor

The Joy of Hymns

Some while ago I was dipping into worthy Thomas Fuller's *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and I found there a bit that suited me well. "Lord, my voice is by nature harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. . . . Yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow, yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst thou given me a better voice, I would have praised thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense, singing praises with the understanding."

Even so with me. Though I must croak with the raven when I attempt to sing, I have been glad, during many days of hospital life, that in quiet hummings I could have stately, slow-moving *Dundee* lift on its strong shoulders those ancient words about the God of Bethel from whose hand we receive our daily care, and have my soul helped by a soft, wooing melody to remember that though indeed we may not climb the heavenly steeps to bring the Lord Christ down, yet warm, sweet, tender, he is even now a present help by beds of human pain.

For a hospital is a house of pain, physical, mental, spiritual; silent and patient as a rule; sometimes poignantly vocal. It is a place where dread dark secrets come forth from human hearts and show themselves at times stark to the world. It is a place where one comes at close quarters with the Eternities. . . . Sudden hurryings at midnight. . . . "Don't touch me!" quickly and sharply in a woman's voice. . . . And then, before the dawning of the new day, a wee cry, the first utterance of a new soul entering upon its Great Adventure.

One wants the hymns—the greater hymns—"Our God, our help in ages past" (nothing but sturdy *St. Ann's* for that), "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am"—courage and consolation and hope they bring, as one goes over the words and music again and again; and "Jesus, lover of my soul," that hymn for struggling and gasping souls, with its assurance of a love so perfect that all human frailty and blundering and stumbling, and the oft repeated, oft, oft repeated wilfulness and wickedness of the heart, can be confident of plenteous grace.

I was glad, too, that I could have in my thoughts the glory of the music as well as the words—the music giving wings to the words of the mediæval monk, the words giving exultation to the music, the soaring obligato, making of the refrain a burst of jubilation—in that hymn of triumphant joy which lifts up the soul to visions of the golden Jerusalem. If you have never heard those great words sung to *Urbs Beata*, I hope you may sometime—and join in, too. Then one goes on—"God is the refuge of his saints," "Lead, kindly Light," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "I need Thee every hour," "O Love that wilt not let me go," "Nearer, my God to thee," "For all thy saints": day after day, and in the wakeful hours of the night, the greater hymns act as medicine to the soul. Readers of this column, what hymns do you love, and why? What hymns have helped you, and when, and how? Address your answers to the Invalid Parish.

Closet and Altar

THE WISE IN HEART

Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it.—Prov. 16: 22.

The Christian character begins in moral teachableness and is developed by moral faith. It assumes first, humility, and secondly, self-respect.—*Francis Greenwood Peabody.*

"Knowledge is power," we have been taught to say, but as we go on we shall change the proverb to, "Wisdom is power," for wisdom is knowledge illuminated by love—knowledge that has found her soul.—*Lucy Larcom.*

No man is ever made wise by information. It is possible for a man to know ten thousand books, and to be the prince of the fools of the earth. Knowledge is not wisdom.—*Joseph Parker.*

Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it,
Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities and is content;
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the excellency of things:
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes it out of the soul.

Walt Whitman.

Life is fuller and sweeter for every fulness and sweetness that we take knowledge of. And to him that hath cannot help being given from everything.—*A. D. T. Whitney.*

Productiveness, refreshment, the beauty of the sparkling wavelets, the music of their ripples against the stones, and all the other blessings and delights of a perpetual fountain, have better things corresponding to them in the life of the man who is wise with the true Wisdom which begins with the fear of God. Just as it is active in the life, so is Folly. But its activity is not blessing and gladdening, but punitive. For all sin automatically works its own chastisement, and the curse of Folly is that, while it corrects, it prevents the ("fool") from profiting by the correction. Since it punishes itself, one might expect that it would cure itself, but experience shows that, while it wields a rod, its subjects "receive no correction." That insensibility is the paradox and the Nemesis of "Folly." The Old Testament ethics are remarkable for their solemn sense of the importance of words, and Proverbs shares in that sense to the full. In some aspects, speech is a more perfect self-revelation than act. So the outflow of the fountain in words comes next.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

If the churches went on their knees and asked only for love, faith and wisdom—especially wisdom—what a change should we witness!—*Evan Roberts.*

Guide us in Thy way, O Lord, and mercifully show the fountain of wisdom to our thirsting minds; that we may be free from sorrowful heaviness, and may drink in the sweetness of life eternal. Amen.

Mosarabic Litany.

[Assembled by Isaac Ogden Rankin.]

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Memories in the Making

Comment on the Prayer Meeting Topic for June 15-21

BY CHARLES ERNEST WHITE

Topic: Memories: a Blessing or a Curse.—Prov. 10: 7; Luke 15: 17; 16: 25.

Light from the Bible Passages

To be remembered for the good and not the ill we have done is one of earth's high honors. The memory that a bad man leaves is worse than none. It is bad to the core. The thought of loved ones at home has brought many a fallen person to his feet. It has been a steadying influence to many who otherwise would have fallen. Powerful beyond measure are the impulses to a good life which come from a Christian home. In the life to come, memories also will have a place, purified and sweetened by the atmosphere of heaven.

Leads for Leaders

Memorial Day has just passed. What is it for? A day for bringing to mind noble services of men of other days. Something even greater? To perpetuate and enrich motives to Christian patriotism, which shall result in *our* leaving worthy memories.

What can we do to blot out unpleasant memories? Consider the thought of "The expulsive power of a new affection." Filling the memory so full of good thoughts that the others are forced out.

Consider the danger underlying the plea, "I don't care what people think. It is none of their business." May there come a time of regret when that picture cannot be erased?

What are you contributing to your home that will enrich the memory of it to others who are now in it?

Thoughts for Members

I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centers.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Memory is like a purse,—if it be over-full so that it cannot shut all will drop out of it. Take heed of gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. *—Thomas Fuller.*

So may it be: that so dead Yesterday,
No sad-eyed ghost but generous and gay,
May serve you memories like almighty wine,
When you are old.

—William E. Henley.

Dr. A. T. Robertson has drawn a beautiful picture of the early home of Jesus and the effect of the memory of it in his later life. "Out of that fragrant memory comes the Prayer of Christendom, laden with the very breath of the eternal meaning and spirit of a human home,—Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

—Longfellow.

A Moment of Prayer

Enrich us daily, O Father, by intimacies with thee that will result in powerful memories in days to come. Let such motives dominate our lives that we shall not alone create rich memories for others but enjoy them ourselves. Amen.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Out-of-Doors

Shank's Mare, by Charles Coleman Stoddard (Doran. $2.50). Mr. Stoddard certainly deserves a place with Thoreau and Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Stevenson, Bayard Taylor and the other Great Walkers whom he so admires. For none has better loved "the road" or written more entrancingly of the pleasures of walking. The reader of this delightful volume will long to call his dog and set out for a tramp, if he has good red blood in his veins. It is not necessary to go far from home to enjoy the pleasure of walking. "Our traveled friend will go into raptures in describing an Italian sunrise, unconscious that the same mystery, in an equally fine setting, is repeated for his benefit, at no expense of money in travel, within a stone's throw of his own door every day in the year." Not only are these chapters delightful reading, but there are also practical sections devoted to such helpful details as what to wear and what to carry and where to go. By all means read the book.

God's Open, by James I. Vance (Revell. $1.50). An inspiring collection of "sermons that take us out-of-doors." The subjects treated include "Christ's Life in the Open," "Like a Tree," "Going Fishing," "Mountain-Top and Valley" and "A Sense of Far Horizons." A choice poem accompanies each sermon, including "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer, "Toil of the Trail," by Hamlin Garland, "The Church in the Wildwood," by Dr. William A. Pitts, and "In the Cool of the Evening," by Alfred Noyes. Spirited, colorful messages carrying the summertime gospel.

The Epic of Earth, by William L. Stidger (Abingdon Press. $2.00 net). A volume of essay-sermons which give unique and helpful spiritual interpretations and evaluations of nature. Wistful Winds, the Fires of Faith, Thunders of God, Canyons of Eternity, the Glaciers of God and other similar themes fairly glow and glisten with illuminating and exhilarating comment and illustration.

Camping Out, edited by H. L. Weir (Macmillan. $2.00). A plump little volume of over 600 pages packed full of advice for "organized camping." Different writers contribute from their practical experience on such topics as Camp Site Planning, Equipment, Camp Committee Organization, Camp Organization, Camp Sanitation, Diet and Nutrition, Accounting, Leadership, Camp Standards, etc. It is a practical manual, prepared under the supervision of the Playground and Recreation Association. Eighty-five illustrations add much to the value of the text.

Golf Without Tears, by P. G. Wodehouse (Doran. $2.50). When the author of *The Indiscretions of Archie* undertakes to write about golf enthusiasts and their game we may be sure in advance of some fun. And the ten stories told in this fantastic book are a howling success as mirth-makers.

Outing Handbooks

Touring Afoot, by Dr. C. P. Fordyce.
Camp Cookery, by Horace Kephart.
Swimming and Watermanship, by L. de B. Handley (Macmillan. $1.00 each).

Touring Afoot is a remarkable little handbook covering with pleasing thoroughness the whole subject of tramping—how to get ready, what and how to carry, what to do on the tramp, be it long or short or wherever the road or trail. The subjects of maps, packs, camp-making, rations, and health hints are only a few of the many covered—and all by a man who knows.

Camp Cookery is a good guide for cooking in camp. It tells all about kits and equipments, simple and elaborate; how to prepare many kinds of food to be taken into camp, and gives many recipes for all the kinds of cookery that any one is ever likely to practice in camp. A good deal of space is devoted to careful and exact directions.

Swimming and Watermanship is by an expert and is a plain and practical guide to swimming and diving. It explains the modern swimming strokes which have made it possible to score achievements in the water that were unknown in other days. A series of photographic pictures illustrate most helpfully the directions given throughout the book.

The Flower Garden

The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers, by Richardson Wright (Lippincott. $7.50). This is in every way an admirable book. Primarily it is what it professes to be—a *practical* book of outdoor flowers supplying just the information that the amateur flower gardener—and the expert also, for that matter—requires, and offering a wealth of definite suggestion and guidance. But it is much more than that. It is the book of a man who knows how to write—a man of ideas, good taste, and fine feeling, who knows how to relate his subject to life, and who does not give the impression of buttonholing the reader to exploit his particular hobby.

The illustrations, of which there are eleven in color and 163 in double-tone, all either full-page or half-page, are not only of rare quality, but are full of suggestion, even a glance at many of them conveying to the flower-grower a whole story regarding arrangement, treatment of space, and effective plans for various types of natural formation. In these, and in the text accompanying them, are the story of perennials, instructions for the making of borders of manifold colors and shapes, suggestions for color combinations, ideas regarding rock gardens, wild gardens and water-pools, and advice regarding vines, trees, and shrubs. Window-box gardens, city backyard gardens, the renter's garden, gardens of formal design, Japanese gardens, and old-fashioned gardens, are all discussed in the closing chapter on "Diversity of Gardens," with wise counsel regarding what to plant in each.

Dr. Macartney's Theology

Twelve Great Questions About Christ, by Clarence E. Macartney, D.D. (Revell. $1.50). Dr. Macartney's election as Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly gives a special interest to this volume to which reference is made in our editorial columns.

A LITTLE WATER BASIN

Cut into the bottom of a wall and fed by a small jet fountain this little water basin grows its quota of aquatic plants, with *Spirea* and *Funkia* planted beside it

A typical illustration from "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers"

WITH THE CHILDREN

Fuchsia Ladies

By Rose Brooks

Margaret Holland stood at the window of Mother's sunshiny sewing-room, her nose pressed against the cool window-pane, her gray eyes filled with tears. "I wish I knew something to do," she said as mournfully as if her eyes looked out on the grayest of cheerless days, instead of on the sunniest day in the world.

"Doesn't Arabella need an airing?" suggested Mother, looking at the smiling doll perched precariously on the window-seat.

"Arabella's clothes are all torn. I wish I had some new ones for her. I'd like to play with her, then."

"Perhaps Arabella wouldn't mind wearing her old clothes if you tucked her in her carriage under her robe."

"No," said Margaret, disconsolately. "I don't want to wheel her in her carriage. One wheel squeaks."

Mother suppressed a smile and gravely offered the machine oil-can. "Squeaks aren't insurmountable. One drop of oil will stop your squeak, I'm sure."

"No," said Margaret. "I don't like a green doll-carriage, anyway. If I had a white one, like Ethel's, I'd wheel Arabella all day."

Mother dropped the conversation and began to stitch busily on the machine, humming as she worked. Was she singing made-up words to the tune,—something about "the right side of bed," and "the wrong side of bed"? The machine whirred up and down long seams so unceasingly, Margaret couldn't be sure.

"Mother," began Margaret again, when once more the machine was silent, "what can I do?" Before Mother could possibly answer, she went on, with no trace of interest in her voice, "There's that new girl who lives next door."

"Her name is Ruth," said Mother. "I heard her mother calling her yesterday. She looks like a happy little girl to me," and Mother came to the window to look out at the little new neighbor.

"What is she doing?" asked Margaret, listlessly, as Ruth skipped down the garden path and began to nip off fuchsia blossoms. "She's just picking off flowers without any stems. I don't think it's nice to pick off flowers just to throw away."

"Perhaps she isn't going to throw them away," said Mother. "Go out in our garden and you can see her through the fence," and Mother gave a relieved sigh as Margaret went downstairs, for well she knew that two little girls, if left to themselves, would soon be playing together.

Margaret wandered shyly down one of her own garden paths, pretending to smell the flowers. Ruth, on her side of the fence, her back to Margaret, went busily on picking off fuchsia blossoms. Step by slow step Margaret reached the fence.

Ruth turned quickly, her hands heaped with gay fuchsias. "I didn't hear you at all! My mother lets me pick them if I don't take too many. I'm picking twenty-four—then they can march two by two and be quite a long procession. And I'm getting as many different colors as I can 'cause I like ladies in my parties to wear their gayest dresses, don't you?"

Margaret looked as uncomprehending as she felt. "Is there going to be a real party at your house?" she asked. "Is every lady going to have a fuchsia to match her dress?"

Ruth laughed gaily. "Didn't you ever play fuchsia ladies?" she asked in astonishment, "and have parties and processions and weddings with them? Can't you climb the fence? It isn't high. I'll show you how to make them stand up and how to put in their arms. Have you a pin? We need a pin to fix their arms. I forgot one."

"I'll get one," and a minute later a happy, eager little Margaret raced upstairs to the sewing-room. "I want two pins!" she demanded breathlessly. "And Ruth's the nicest little girl! And we're going to play fuchsia ladies!"

"Do fuchsia ladies have to ride in white carriages, or are they contented with green?" asked Mother, pleasantly, but Margaret was gone.

"Let's take them to the walk in front of the house," said Ruth. "You take half. We'll put in their arms and make them walk and dance."

Sitting in the warm sunshine with her gay fuchsias spread before her, Ruth explained, "Just pull out the long stamens, and then they'll stand up straight, right on their fluffy petticoats. You have to pretend they have feet."

"Course," agreed Margaret. "But you said they had arms."

"Give me a pin and I'll show you." And Ruth stuck a pin through the little green seed-pod and carefully inserted in the hole a little green stem which she selected from a nearby bush. "There, now she can stand up, and there are her arms! Fuchsia ladies haven't any faces, but it's easy enough to pretend faces."

"Course," agreed Margaret again, and was at once absorbed in pulling out stamens and in sticking tiny stems through pinholes.

"Aren't they sweet?" said Ruth, when the twenty-four gay little flower dolls with their dainty petticoats and petaled overskirts, and pretended faces, stood before her. "Aren't they the sweetest you ever saw? Now let's march them to the party."

Two by two, the fuchsia ladies formed in line, rose-color marching with cream-color, purple marching with white. "Now they've 'rrived at the party," announced Ruth. "If you just bend their arms a little, they can dance together," and soon the wall was dotted with wee dancing partners.

"You never played fuchsia ladies before?" said Ruth, incredulously, in answer to a happy question from Margaret. "Why, I've played fuchsia ladies ever since I was small." Ruth was eight.

"Don't you think they're tired, maybe, and want something to eat? Let's get cups and saucers for them and give them rose-leaf tea and geranium cake." And Ruth led the way over the lawn to the back yard where stood an old oak tree."

"Are your dishes out here?" asked Margaret, in surprise. "My doll dishes are all broken. If I had some cunning doll dishes, I'd play with them all day."

"Mine got broken, too," admitted Ruth, "but now I have a kind that don't get broken, and you just throw them away when you're through playing, and get more next time," and under the old oak tree she began to pick up acorns and drop them into her pocket. Presently, as Margaret didn't help, Ruth stopped and asked in amazement, "Didn't you ever play tea-party 'cept with real dishes?" and back they went to the waiting fuchsia ladies.

"A girl needs a knife as much as a boy," said Ruth, taking one out of her pocket. "Isn't that a cunning saucer?" as she pried a smooth acorn out of its little rough sheath. "You make some, if you want to, while I get the tea and cake ready." And Ruth stooped under the nearest rosebush for fallen petals.

"Ready?" she asked, coming back with petals and a few leaves of fragrant rose-geranium. "Rose tea is d'licious," she went on gravely, lining each brown acorn cup with a rosy petal, "and rose-geranium cake,—well fuchsia ladies are very fond of it," and a wee green sprig was laid daintily on each rough little acorn saucer.

"Margaret!" called Mother from the open window of the sewing-room. "Time for luncheon!"

"Luncheon!" said Margaret, blankly, to Ruth. "Why, luncheon's not till twelve, and it was only nine when I came out!"

"Some days don't last long," said Ruth. "We

The Tug-of-War for the Barnyard Championship

aren't half through. Can you come out again after luncheon?"

A rosy, happy-eyed, talkative little girl sat opposite Mother at the luncheon table. "Course their arms stick out pretty straight," she chattered. "And they haven't any hair like Arabella, and you have to pretend their faces. Their dresses are the cunningest and they look like real little ladies, and you could really drink out of acorn cups,—just a drop of something, you could."

"And it doesn't matter if their dresses get torn?"

"Why, no, Mother," answered Margaret. "If one gets torn or broken, all you have to do is go and pick another!"

"And brown cups and saucers are just as pretty as though they were pink?"

"Why, Mother, there aren't any pink acorns!"

"I was just thinking," said Mother, pleasantly, "that this isn't the first day that fuchsias have bloomed. And there's more than one oak tree in the world."

"Ruth showed me how to play with them," Margaret defended herself. "She made it up."

"But Margaret has two eyes as good as Ruth's. When you get tired of fuchsia ladies and their tea-parties and the other games Ruth has invented, it might bring you happiness to remember there are endless other things—everywhere—just waiting patiently to be seen."

"There are?"

"There are."

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Every Member Canvass Awards

Montana, North Dakota, and Massachusetts Churches Winners. The A.B.C. of the E.M. C. Competition

The Commission on Missions announces that the awards have now been made to the writers of the reports judged as best in each of the three general groups of churches in the Congregational fellowship—the small church, the average church, and the large church; arbitrarily grouped as A, B, and C churches. Those taking first place, together with those deemed worthy of honorable mention, are as follows:

Class A: A country church of less than 100 members. To Rev. A. R. Boone, Plentywood, Mont. First honorable mention: Rev. Luther M. Tesh, Excelsior, Minn. Second honorable mention: Rev. C. Leonard Holton, Raynham, Mass. Third honorable mention: Rev. W. S. Harper, Humboldt, S. D.

Class B: A country or city church of 100 to 350. To Mrs. A. A. Love, 812 Seventh Street, South Fargo, N. D. First honorable mention: Rev. John Rossnagel, Jr., First Church, Lincoln, Me. Second honorable mention: Rev. H. C. Stallard, 234 Washington St., West Pittston, Pa. Third honorable mention: Rev. Homer Gleason, Hayden, Col.

Class C: A city church of over 350 members. To Rev. A. C. McGiffert, Jr., Lowell, Mass. First honorable mention: Rev. Charles T. Page, 268 No. Main St., Concord, N. H. Second honorable mention: Miss Florence H. Wells, Brattleboro, Vt. Third honorable mention: Rev. Arthur P. Pratt, Greenfield, Mass.

Each award amounts to $50. The money for these awards was subscribed by a small group of secretaries and laymen who believe in the Every Member idea and who feel that it is particularly valuable to have a large amount of data in the hands of the Commission on Missions showing what has actually been accomplished in churches of all kinds under varying conditions.

The committee of judges had a hard task. There were about 60 reports handed to them. Practically all of them were distinctly suggestive. Some were very original and extremely well done. It was a close decision by which the awards were made in practically every case. The judges were: Rev. Louis H. Johnston, Patchogue, Long Island; Rev. Howard E. Clarke, 214 W. 7th St., Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. L. R. Rounds, 537 West 121st St., New York City; Mrs. H. F. White, 239 Roosevelt Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. E. H. Pearson, care of Joseph Richards Co., New York City; Rev. William Horace Day, D.D., 25 Court St., Bridgeport, Ct., and Mr. Crescens Hubbard, Lake St., White Plains, N. Y.

The best of these reports will be published in the near future in *The Congregationalist*, the *Missionary Herald*, and the *American Missionary*. They make good reading for those who are alert to find ways in which we, as modern Christians, may best co-operate to make our church effective in a world of human need. They ought to convince the most dubious that there are values in the Every Member method which we have not begun to appreciate or apply on a large scale throughout our churches.

Our Readers' Forum

Moving Pictures in Church

To the Editor of The Congregationalist:

Anything regarding the use of motion pictures by the churches interests me greatly, and as an active member of a church that has used them with remarkable success for a year and a half, I feel that I would like to reply to some of Mr. Noyes' questions in *The Congregationalist* of April 17.

First, I want to say that it all, all, depends on the minister using them. If a church is so fortunate to have such a man as the one who began the use of them for us and continued it up to this month, when he went to a larger field, I would say:

I do not believe that the young people acquire a taste which will cause them to attend other pictures sooner than they would otherwise have done. Our Sunday evening service is held in a theater, but the atmosphere of that service is so removed from that of the ordinary picture show that it is almost safe to say that the young people associate it only with good pictures from which they can get a real lesson.

Our service not being held in a church, it does not lower the ideal of the church in their minds in the way evidently feared by Mr. Noyes, but as a feature of the work of our church to help and uplift everybody I believe it has done more in this town to raise the ideals of young and old regarding the church than anything any church has ever done here.

Such services as we have had do emphatically recreate spiritually for the coming week. I speak from my own most happy experience, and hundreds of others in this little town will gladly give similar testimony.

Finally, the effect upon the rate of increase in church membership has been marked.

However, as I said, it depends on the minister. We had a completely consecrated young man, who laid the plan most seriously before the church and with all earnestness impressed upon us the fact that this was to be a true service of worship, and not a picture show, nor were we ever to refer to it as one. We prayed over it, and we undertook it in order to go out of our own little rut and give something to those who lacked. We have not had very many strictly religious pictures, for any one who knows about them knows that they are largely unsatisfactory, but we have had as high a grade of pictures as possible. The reading of the Scripture lesson from the screen, also the prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and the hymns also from the screen, have been taken part in by all sorts and conditions of people in true reverence. A number of beautiful and appropriate quotations are also used on the screen, and the picture is always preceded by the announcement, "This is not a picture show, but a religious service. The picture is shown to emphasize a lesson. The lesson tonight is—" and in a few words the moral is pointed. The ten-minute talk by the minister was on that lesson, and again we had a man who could say more, and drive it home more deeply in ten minutes than most men in thirty. He even made a great service out of the one in which "The Stream of Life," so despised in Boston, was used, and we thought it a great picture.

We stayed at home for our evening service for forty years, and tried book talks, talks on great men, stereopticon views, question boxes, and all the devices known to the discouraged pastor. We had fifty or seventy-five faithful members who nearly all went to morning service anyway. At the screen service we have from 500 to 800 every Sunday night—men in overalls, women in shawls and with babies—all kinds of people who could not be induced to come into a church. Some of them come for the picture, no doubt, but it is a good picture, and the recognition of the minister of his wonderful opportunity for real evangelistic work has brought to every one in the audience a vital message for Christian living, and he has met with a response that has convinced us that the gain far exceeds any of the drawbacks we find in the plan. There is no discount on the quality of our screen service.

Pierre, S. D. A. C.

With the Schools and Colleges

Commencement at Atlanta

The commencement exercises at Atlanta Seminary are so prolonged that they are best described by their dates. Beginning with May 1, they unrolled as follows: Summer commissioning address, Rev. L. H. Keller, D.D., followed by the Communion Service; May 2, students' reception; May 4, baccalaureate sermon by the president, Rev. Frank R. Shipman, Central Congregational Church; May 5 and 6, public examinations; May 6, reception by Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Hamilton; May 7, class day exercises, annual meeting of the trustees, and alumni supper. The Class Tree speakers were M. C. Mays, '24, and Professor Gillam; the Class Spade speakers, A. C. Adamz, '24, and Carl Stanley. Newly-elected trustees include Dr. D. Witherspoon Dodge and Mr. E. L. Grimes of Atlanta and Mr. L. H. Gager of Palmer, Mass. The alumni supper became a tribute to Dr. Sherrill, who completed this spring 20 years of service in the seminary. For once Dr. Sherrill could not stop the grateful words which usually he forbids. On May 8, the first appointment for the day was the reading of the graduating addresses, and this was followed by the alumni meeting. The alumni followed the trustees in re-electing their officers—in this case Rev. J. F. Blackburn, '04, president, and Rev. W. H. Tillman, '06, secretary. The trustees' officers are William E. Mansfield, president; Willis M. Everett, Esq., vice-president; Charles R. Haskins, secretary; Dr. A. F. Sherrill, treasurer; Mrs. E. R. Sherrill, assistant treasurer. The alumni speaker for the year was Rev. W. Carl Parker, '14.

The graduating exercises, which were marked by fine singing, were further marked by the strong address of Prof. F. C. Thompson, of Piedmont College. Degrees in course (B.D.) were conferred upon A. Constantine Adamz,

(*Continued on page* 735)

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

With the States in Conference

New Hampshire Clan at Durham

For the first time in the history of the New Hampshire Conference, a woman, Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer, wife of Dr. Thayer of North, Portsmouth, was elected moderator. This honor comes to Mrs. Thayer in recognition of her various efficient services to the denomination in general, her work in the woman's organizations, and as an active member of conference committees for many years.

This is only one of the significant acts of the 123d annual state meeting held at Durham, May 13-15. The delegates were entertained by the Community Church, Rev. M. R. Lovell, pastor, and the University of New Hampshire, located at Durham, Dr. R. D. Hetzell president. Mr. Lovell gave the address of welcome, and at a later session made an address on "The Challenge of the Durham Church"; President Hetzell was heard at the Wednesday evening session. Another local man to have a part on the program was Ralph D. Paine, Congregational layman, novelist, and war correspondent, who led a fellowship meeting.

A feature which was novel to New Hampshire was a series of sectional conferences which added six hours to the time afforded for deliberation and insured adequate discussion of important topics. The subjects and chairmen of the meetings were as follows: Social Problems, Rev. C. E. Beals, Manchester; Religious Education, Dr. F. G. Woodworth, Somersworth; Problems of the Church Parish, Rev. L. E. Purdum, Dover; The Church and Peace and War, Rev. G. H. Lane, Milford; and Life Work Problems, Rev. Messrs. J. M. Phillips, and Stoddard Lane, Manchester. Various clergymen of the state led the discussions and presented papers. Dean French of the University of New Hampshire and Dr. F. M. Sheldon of Boston took part in the sections on Social Problems and Religious Education. Secretaries for each group reported the findings of that group to the conference in assembly.

Secretary E. R. Stearns' report emphasized the growth of the denomination in the state. Reference was made to the granting of $5,000 from the Whitehouse Fund to the Community Church at Durham. Treasurer Alvin B. Cross stated that the total value of real estate owned by the New Hampshire churches was in excess of $3,000,000, and that in the 23 years of his service the yearly receipt of funds had increased more than 100 per cent.

The program of addresses at the conference sessions were on a high plane. Secretary C. E. Burton of New York spoke at the first session. Dr. W. S. Beard, also of New York and a former pastor at Durham, gave two addresses, one on "Religion and the World Order," and the other on "Promotional Plans." Among the out-of-the-state speakers were Rev. F. W. Hodgdon, Boston, Rev. O. A. Petty, New Haven, and Rev. A. V. Bliss, Boston. From the Home Missionary field significant reports were made by Rev. Messrs. W. H. Hoag, East Andover, J. E. Barker, student pastor at the University of New Hampshire, J. D. Kettelle, South Seabrook, and A. H. Sargent, of the Gilsum-Surry Larger Parish. The subject of the latter's report was "Driving a Double Hitch."

Dr. H. H. French, of Natick, Mass., formerly of First, Nashua, preached the conference sermon, and had for his subject, "Come Over Into Macedonia and Help Us." A touching memorial service was conducted by Rev. O. W. Peterson of Penacook. Rev. Messrs. O. W. Conrad of Keene and Andrew Campbell of Peterboro officiated at the Communion service.

Resolutions presented were debated sharply but strongly worded articles were passed on the subjects of Japanese Exclusion, the attitude of the churches on peace and war, prohibition enforcement, and general toleration.

Oklahoma Conference

It was the 34th annual meeting of the Oklahoma State Conference. For the first time the conference assembled in the fine new sanctuary of the united Pilgrim Church, Oklahoma City. The setting was favorable. Inspiration thrilled the atmosphere. And, despite the raging of a cold, dispiriting storm, the outskirts of the one that dealt ruin to such a range of the eastern South, pastors and delegates from the churches came together in goodly numbers, and the local attendance brought to the meetings a larger significance than ever before attained in the city.

It is difficult to speak of entertainment, always so generous, but really, with all the usual gracious features, and three banquets spread in addition, it does seem that the New Pilgrims of our Capital City have outdone even the fine traditions of our order.

The guest of honor was the National Council Secretary, Dr. C. E. Burton. His uplifting personality, known to Congregationalists everywhere, his devotional addresses on prayer, set forth in the light of the latest psychological truth and supplemented with expressive hymns, his three evening messages on power available for our ministries and exemplified in Christian achievement, have given the people of the city and of Oklahoma vision and inspiration that will go with them through months and years of toil. Other visitors whose presence and messages contributed effectively were Miss Martha Wiley of the Woman's Board, Rev. Carl Stackman of the Building Society, Rev. W. F. English of the American Board, while our own secretaries and field men, Rev. J. C. Prince of the Education Society, and Supts. A. E. Ricker and L. J. Marsh, brought leadership, reports of the achievements wrought during the year, and counsel for special lines of advance.

REV. RICHARD O. FICKEN

Pastor of Plymouth Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, whose strong leadership has brought the church into a commanding position with enlarged building and fine new parsonage. The church is well organized, religious education being especially emphasized.

The Larger Parish was featured, Supt. Ricker leading, while Rev. J. R. Hewitt told of present conditions in Northeastern Oklahoma, and Rev. F. W. Ollis in a captivating and witty address showed how the pastor on the larger parish functioned in all lines of village and rural work, also figuring as manager of the Chamber of Commerce, excluding objectionable amusement from street fairs, and keeping competing merchants within limits and friendly. Rather naturally after this the larger world parish was presented in a wide-visioned address by Secretary English.

The Woman's Missionary program was strong, Miss Martha Wiley telling of "Our Bible Women in Foochow" and the women of Oklahoma City presenting the work of Schauffler Training School most beautifully in the pageant of "The Open Door."

The officers of the conference elected were: Moderator, Rev. W. M. Oakes, of Carrier; assistant, Mrs. Samuel Pearson, Chickasha; registrar, A. S. Gray, Chickasha; benevolence treasurer, C. L. Larson, Oklahoma City; scribe, Rev. E. D. Schmidt, Medford; assistant, Rev. W. A. Roberts, Lawton. Mrs. J. E. Davis was elected president of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. W. R. Ingram, vice-president, and Mrs. Montgomery, secretary, all of Oklahoma City.

The young people's banquet at which Sec. J. C. Prince presided, was of keen interest. Following brief addresses, a dialogue set forth exceedingly well the work of summer students on missionary fields of the West. Under the gracious and able leadership of Secretary Prince, the young people's educational work in the state is steadily becoming more significant and the appreciation of him and his ministries was emphatically expressed in resolutions adopted at the conference. This also expresses the feelings of our folks everywhere in the state.

A. E. R.

Plymouth Conference in Houston

The Plymouth Congregational Conference of Texas (colored) met with Pilgrim Church, Houston, Rev. J. I. Donalson, pastor. It was the best attended in recent years. The reports showed progress along many lines. The new modern church building at Corpus Christi,

built under the direction of Rev. Wilson Lawless, the new mission church at Port Arthur that grew out of the Sunday school organized by the C. S. S. E. S. are among the outstanding things reported. A new worker is Rev. H. A. Humphrey of St. Louis, Mo. The National Societies were well represented. Rev. J. K. Browne of the American Board gave a graphic description of conditions in Armenia. The American Missionary Association was represented by Mrs. F. W. Wilcox, Dr. Alfred Lawless, Jr., and Rev. H. H. Dunn; the Congregational Education Society by Rev. Franklin Estabrook and President J. P. O'Brien of Straight College, New Orleans. E. H. Phillips represented the Congregational Sunday School Extension Society and Mrs. H. E. Lawless the Women's Federation. Tillotson Night brought out the friends of that institution. The *Southern News* was endorsed, as was the work at San Antonio. The new officers are: Rev. C. N. Graham, moderator; Rev. B. F. White, assistant moderator; Mr. A. H. Reed, scribe; Rev. J. I. Donalson, registrar; Mrs. M. Duhe, treasurer. Paris is the next place of meeting. E. H. P.

Southern California Conference

The 38th meeting of the Southern California Conference was held in San Diego, May 12-14. The general theme was "The Growing Kingdom," which was worked out in the numerous addresses on varied subjects, and in the reports of effort and progress. A high note was sounded in the sermon by Prof. Raymond Brooks of Pomona College, given the first afternoon, according to custom in preparation for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Addresses on the theme included "The Program of Jesus," by Rev. Stephen Norton; "The Next Four Hundred Years," by Rev. W. H. Hopkins; "The Kingdom in the Light of the Present Age," by Rev. W. L. Barth; "God's Flying Squadron," by Rev. Frank Dyer; "Building the Kingdom," by Rev. William Forshaw; "The Christian Ideal," by Rev. Carl Patton; "The Signs of the Coming Kingdom," by Rev. George Soper. The address on Wednesday evening by Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp of Boston, on "Education in a Democracy," was a glorification of the American public school system.

Great interest was manifest in the business sessions of the conference. Five new churches were organized during the year, several new buildings erected, a net gain of 1,086 in church membership, and of 1,071 in church school membership. While our exceptional prosperity is due in large measure to the increasing population in California, a large factor is the considerable number of choice, forward-looking ministers who are leading the churches. Central among these is our efficient superintendent, Rev. George F. Kenngott. Strong in frame, systematic in study and labor, and quite as devoted in character, for 12 years he has grown in power, and has influenced constructive inspiration and program throughout the whole area of the conference. Some expression of the affection felt for him was given in the ovation which was extended as his name was mentioned by Mr. Wilcox on Wednesday morning.

Since the coming of Rev. George Simons, acceptable accomplishment has been made in the organization for religious education. The young people have frequently been grouped in new lines, often in the League of Youth, which heads up its activities in the Conference for Training in Leadership at Pomona College, June 20-July 7. Most of the larger churches now have directors of religious education. A dinner and program for young people were provided at the Mission Hills Church. The pleasing announcement was made that Los Angeles soon becomes a depository for supplies in religious education.

Mr. Fred M. Wilcox, for many years servant of the conference in numerous capacities, particularly as treasurer, reported the customary health in contributions for benevolences. The conference stands almost at the head in approximating the apportioned standard of giving. Probably its gain of $29,030 on the apportionment for the year is unique.

A feature in all the sessions was the period devoted to worship. This hour was in charge of Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach. A carefully printed program, with readings, prayers, and hymns, was placed in our hands, and Dr. Booth gave brief but vital addresses upon such subjects as "Prayer," "The Great Companion," etc.

Of compelling interest was the rendering of the religious drama, "Athaliah," by a cast of some 25 persons, Tuesday evening. The author and custodian of this drama is Rev. Arthur Metcalf of Logan Heights Church, San Diego. He is the author of several other religious dramas. Without curtain, and with almost none of the usual stage settings, the impression was most profound, not only in entertainment, but in enforcing elementary moral virtues, such as loyalty to truth rather than to personal rulers as real patriotism, the spirituality of the Jehovah religion, sacrifice and courage. It thus demonstrated that in any ordinary church, without special equipment, the drama may be utilized with good effect.

None will soon forget the discussions upon some great social questions of the day. These were proposed and guided by the resolutions committee, Rev. Herbert Ide, chairman, with an unusual sagacity and urbanity. They included the K. K. K., whose methods were rebuked, although not quite unanimously. Most important was the debate on war and peace; it was voted to request our government to work with other nations for the outlawry of war, to withdraw military training in schools and colleges, to discourage inciting race prejudice, and to develop methods of training the youth in schools for peace. In a resolution upon the Japanese, a stand was taken against exclusion by Congress, some favorable results to be accomplished by a method not discourteous to a great nation. It is high tribute to

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the committee that all the resolutions, as propounded by them, were carried practically as offered by them, though with exciting debate.

It has been rather the thing in previous years to enjoy a sightseeing tour about the entertaining city. And no center can be more alluring for exploration and enjoyment than San Diego with its environs. The usual auto party was purposely omitted, with so full a program. In fact, so absorbing was that program in keen interest that the omission was not regretted. Perhaps, too, the glorious rides over the considerable distance to the city and return, along the ocean shore and over the flower-decked hills, gave their own ample satisfaction to the visitors. About 75 churches were represented, with some 215 registrations.

Much of the happy success of the conference was due to the moderator, Rev. E. P. Ryland, kindly but firm. For next year the following officers were selected: Moderator, Rev. Roy Campbell; vice-moderator, Rev. L. H. Austin; secretary, Rev. J. H. Hutchins; assistant-secretary, Rev. F. C. Reid; preacher, Rev. J. H. Lash; registrar, Rev. George Kenngott. Long Beach will be the place of meeting. C. F.

Vermont Meeting at Woodstock

The 129th annual meeting of the Vermont Conference met with Woodstock, May 13-15. Two hundred delegates were present. The entertainment, under the lead of Rev. H. H. Hines, the efficient pastor, and a competent staff of women, was all that could be desired. The village is one of the most beautiful in New England, and the church, with its splendid edifice—founded in 1776—is one of the best for efficiency in the state.

The address of welcome was given by Lieutenant-Governor F. S. Billings, of Woodstock, who is booked to be the next governor. The president, Mr. Arthur F. Stone, of St. Johnsbury, performed his task with rare tact and courtesy. His successor, Dr. H. P. Woodin, is one of the state's leading pastors.

The sermon by Rev. Chauncey A. Adams, of Waterbury, upon "Christ's Challenge to Leadership," was of a high order, full of thought and spiritual power, and made deep impression upon all. This was followed by the Communion service, conducted by Rev. C. W. Legge, of Swanton, and Rev. B. E. Marsh, of Bellows Falls, both of them new men who are giving great promise of successful work.

Following the interesting statistical report by Mr. John M. Comstock, of Chelsea, a memorial service was conducted by Rev. C. H. Smith, of Ludlow. He paid a worthy tribute to the late Dr. Charles H. Merrill, who served the churches of Vermont for 50 years, most of the time as secretary of the Conference and also of the Missionary Society.

A hearty welcome was given to the general speakers who came to us from without the state, and all of whom brought messages full of instruction and inspiration. Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer, of Portsmouth, N. H., the only woman speaker, greatly interested the conference upon the subject, "All the Women of the Church at All the Work of the Church." Prof. Jerome Davis, of Yale, deeply moved us all as he made his earnest plea for peace. He is the son of Colonel Jerome D. Davis, the hero of Shiloah during the Civil War, and the famous missionary in Japan. A worthy son of a noble father.

A fine address, showing great learning and not lacking in spiritual power, was made by Rev. S. K. Tompkins, of Central Church, Boston, upon the topic, "The Christian Reach for Enduring Power." Prof. B. W. Bacon, of Yale, was at his best as he spoke upon "History and the Gospel." It will not surprise those who know the standing of Dr. Bacon among the great Biblical scholars of the world when I say that there were laymen who could not follow him.

I need not say that Dr. D. Brewer Eddy charmed us all as he told of his experiences in the Orient and also touched our hearts as he spoke of the recent action of the Senate in "Slapping Japan in the Face."

Perhaps no speaker—and they were all excellent—helped us spiritually as did the chaplain, Dr. Raymond Calkins, of Cambridge, Mass., as he delivered his three powerful addresses upon "What is Religion?"

Sec. W. F. Frazier and Rev. J. B. Sargent, financial secretary, both of whom have been untiring and efficient in their work, were re-elected by unanimous vote. Mr. Frazier spoke the closing words, sending us all home with high resolves that we will live better lives and strive to do more for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom than ever before.

C. C. C.

From West to East

OREGON

Cleaning Crusade at Ingle Chapel

INGLE CHAPEL devoted one week in Lent to evangelistic services in union with the Sunnyside Methodist Church. On Easter night a pageant, "The Legend of the Grail," was presented. The men and women of the church recently united in thoroughly cleaning the church building inside and out. Eight members joined at Easter; three more are planning to come in within a few weeks.

CALIFORNIA

Sacramento's Plans for New Building

The splendid way in which SACRAMENTO is developing under the leadership of Rev. H. H. Gill is evidenced in their recent report of accessions. On May 4, 100 new members were added, 63 on confession, more than a score of them influential business men. During the

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Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company at $1.25. This book portrays the True Evangel. For copy of advance edition autographed by the author, send to Park Street Church, Boston, Mass. Books ready for delivery June 7th.

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eight months of Mr. Gill's pastorate he has received 145 members.

Plans for a beautiful $110,000 building, exclusive of lot and furnishings, have recently been adopted. A four-weeks' campaign is under way and it is hoped that $50,000 can be raised among the members and friends of the church at this time. If this is accomplished the building operations will be undertaken at once.

Growth at Perris

PERRIS, Dr. Emerson Service, minister, received 25 into full membership on Easter Sunday. Eleven were baptized. The church was crowded to the doors. During the 14 months of this pastorate 40 have united with the church and a Christian Endeavor has been organized with 50 members.

Congregational Club at Long Beach

A new force at FIRST, LONG BEACH, is the Congregational Club which meets monthly at noon with large success, for luncheon down town. Some of the methods used by such popular clubs as the Rotary—community singing, half hour address, etc., are effective. It does a good work in bringing the men together. It does not supplant the Washington Gladden Club which continues to function as a forum for the discussion of questions of current interest.

In the last year Long Beach made a gain of new members, on confession 58, by letter 87, by renewal 7, total 152; loss of 22 by death, 46 by letter, 112 by the retired list, total 180. The treasurer for benevolences disbursed for the apportionment $11,556 and for other benevolences $13,128, which included $10,000 for Lloyd Lorbeer's work in India. The local budget calls for $32,000 for the current year.

Wilshire, Los Angeles, Breaks Ground for New Building

On Easter Sunday afternoon, ground was broken for the new building of WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES, which will cost $500,000. The structure will seat 1,000 persons, and is to be a building of great beauty, combining Spanish and Gothic features, and having a splendid equipment. The ceremonies were most impressive in their music and addresses in which many leaders in the city participated.

The remarkable growth in the clientele of the church was indicated at the annual meeting, where 814 sat down to dinner at the Ambassador Hotel. It was not the sober affair of the usual church meeting. Evidently the gayety of the surroundings permeated the assembly; they were in happy, congratulatory mood. An attendant said, "It was unusual in that most of that company were in full evening attire, the gowns and jewels of the women being almost as radiant as those which lend glamor to more mundane social functions." The program combined brilliancy with earnestness. Splendid music by the Girard G. Clef Club and the Sammies' Sisters; toasts by Mrs. Basil Clark of England on Peace, Dr. John Albert Eby for the Presbyterians, and Dr. Doremus Scudder on Congregational Achievement; addresses by Judge Benjamin Bledsoe of Los Angeles on "Liberty and Law," by Mr. Frederick Ward, famous actor, on "Drama's Debt to the Church," by Dr. C. F. Aked on "The English Story of Men of the Mayflower." It was announced that $25,000 had recently been added to the building fund. Dr. Frank Dyer, the pastor, has been giving a series of morning sermons on "The Call of the Infinite," "The Gospel of Our Discontent," "The Gospel of a Seeking God," "The Gospel of Heroic Challenge," "The Gospel of the Incomplete."

IDAHO

Big Benevolence Offering at Boise

FIRST, BOISE, contributed $220 toward benevolences at a special offering on Easter morning. Eighteen united with the church at that time. First Church counts itself fortunate in keeping its pastor, Rev. Walter Lockwood, in view of the fact that he has been called twice during the past year to larger fields. This church is making a strong, healthful growth under Mr. Lockwood's leadership.

When Sunday Comes
By John Andrew Holmes

The preacher is an engineer opening streams in the desert.

New Members for New Plymouth

PLYMOUTH, NEW PLYMOUTH, received 40 into membership on Easter morning, 30 on confession. In the evening 500 people listened to the cantata, "The Resurrection Hope," conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. D. Price. During Holy Week the church was filled each evening at special pre-Easter services. The Boy Scout band, composed of 36 pieces and led by Mr. Price, furnished music for the Monday evening service.

ILLINOIS

First, Oak Park, Has Large Accession to Membership

Dr. W. E. Barton's ministry with FIRST, OAK PARK, is drawing to its close in a series of events of notable significance. The anniversary exercises, extending over an octave of two Sundays and the intervening week, were of remarkable interest and have been duly recorded here. The Easter services were of high order and packed the church in three services from which hundreds of people were turned away. But the most notable of all was the Communion service on May 4, when Dr. Barton gave the right hand of fellowship to 123 people, 72 of them coming on confession of faith. Among those thus uniting on confession were several husbands and fathers whose wives had long been members of the church. Dr. Barton has had notable success in dealing with men of this character and there is now hardly a family in the church with the husband and father outside. This brings the total of members received by Dr. Barton well above 2,200 and the present total of church members, 1,819. The largest number ever received by this church before at any one time was at the Communion following the dedication, May 5, 1918, when 101 were received. The next largest was at the communion in 1914 immediately following the previous large building enterprise, when 86 united, a number exactly equal to that which entered the church following the greatest revival Oak Park has known, that led by Benjamin Fay Mills in 1890. At that revival also 86 united, 64 of them on confession. Those who united on May 4, 1924, on confession numbered 72. It is worthy of note that in the years of Dr. Barton's ministry the numbers of those uniting on confession have been larger than those who united after the large revivals of earlier days, and that the men uniting on confession have been more in number than the women.

IOWA

Red-Letter Day at Nashua

On Easter morning, NASHUA received 58 into fellowship, 44 on profession, the biggest day in the history of the church. Rev. G. T. Hanna came to the pastorate of Nashua and the Little Brown Church in the Vale last December, from Marion, Ia., where he had been pastor for five years.

OHIO

Becomes Minister of First, Elyria

Rev. W. M. Auld, who was recently given a unanimous call by FIRST, ELYRIA, to become its pastor, was present on Easter Sunday to give his acceptance in person and to conduct the morning service.

It was most gratifying that after nearly seven months without a pastor there were 19 to join the church, 12 on confession, six by letter and one on renewal of covenant. Seven received the ordinance of baptism.

First, Elyria, feels most fortunate in securing Mr. Auld. He came from Scotland about

Congregationalists

Please take note!

The Commission on Missions calls attention to a correction of the statement of Apportionment Contributions for 1923 as announced in the special advertisement in *The Congregationalist*, issue of May 15th. (In this number of the paper, the total of Apportionment Contributions was given as $3,119,410.)

After this figure was in type, the following corrections were received:

The correct total for Iowa $94,429
The correct total for Massachusetts $688,903
The correct total for the entire country $3,115,267

The Commission on Missions

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Classified Wants

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Hillcrest Lodge, Peacham, Vt. Homey, camp-like cottage, accommodating 12-20 guests. Healthful country surroundings. Spring water, bathroom, modern plumbing. Airy rooms, good beds, home cooking. Glorious extended view, including Presidential, Franconia and Green ranges. Beautiful walks and auto trips. No hay fever, no mosquitoes. For terms, address Miss E. Genevieve Prentiss, Winchester, Mass.

Come to Kamp Khoo-Khoo-Khoos, Lake Winnepesaukee. For girls 7 to 18 years. Open all the year; 21st summer season (9 weeks) July 1-Sept. 2, $150.00. On a farm with all farm products. Outdoor sports—handkraft. Write either Burt Leon Yorke, B.A., M.A., (Amherst) B.D. (Yale), or Clara Olney Yorke, (Mrs. B.L.), Alton N. H.

The Heights House, Lunenburg, Vt., not far from the White Mountains. We are entering upon our sixteenth successful season for summer guests. Freedom from hay fever brings many here year after year. All modern conveniences—farm products. Booklet. A. J. Newman, Prop.

Kendall Cottage, Pigeon Cove, Mass. Pleasant accommodations for a small number of people. Modern improvements, home cooking. Rates reasonable.

Hillside Farm, New Boston, N. H. Fine location, extensive view. Piazzas, comfortable, airy rooms, tennis court, saddle horses, automobile service. Fresh farm products. Open to guests July first. Address Mrs. Frank H. Prince, New Boston, N. H.

Spend your vacation amid the beautiful scenery of New Boston. Restful surroundings, ample shade, home cooking and "that good Guernsey milk." $12 weekly. For particulars address George A. Colburn, New Boston, N. H.

Cold Spring Farm invites you to spend a restful summer amid beautiful mountain scenery. Home cooking, large, airy rooms. Mrs. N. G. Stevens, Pittsford, Vt.

The Wentworth Inn, Wentworth, N. H. An ideal home for summer guests. Large, airy rooms. Cuisine and service the best. For booklet write Mrs. E. Richardson, Prop., Wentworth, N. H.

A Few Guests can be accommodated in an attractive Colonial house near lake, 30 miles from Boston. Electricity, bath. Telephone, good home cooking, shade trees, beautiful walks and drives. An ideal place for rest and recreation. Reasonable. Address Mrs. G. M. Rogers, Westboro, Mass.

Wanted—By lady with country home, two or three boarders. Home has modern improvements, with piazza and fine view. In close proximity to Lynn and Salem. Address K., General Delivery, Peabody, Mass.

Board and Room: Home cooking, large, airy rooms. Quiet and pleasant location in town of high elevation, 88 miles from Boston. Send stamp for particulars. Box 84, Belchertown, Mass.

Bowlders—Furnished, screened, six-room cottage, shed, cellar, running water. Delightful spot for quiet and rest, 20 miles from Concord. C. L. Dunlap, Andover, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—A Protestant maid in a family of two, in suburb of Boston. Wages, $10; no laundry. Write "W. Y. Z.," care of *Congregationalist.*

POSITION WANTED

Chautauqua general nurse, middle-aged, desires summer position with semi-invalid. No lifting. References exchanged. "D. R.," *Congregationalist.*

Experienced teacher of History and English desires opening in private school or junior college. Highest references. "F. L.," *Congregationalist.*

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE

For Sale—Cottage, Congregational assembly, Frankfort, Mich. Fully furnished, boat, large lots, reasonable. F. E. Bigelow, Newport, N. H.

Furnished house, or part, for rent during the summer. Mrs. Mary Allen, Pomfret, Ct.

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Teachers Wanted for schools and colleges. Education Service, Y. M. C. A. Building, Chicago; Southern Building, Washington; 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

Teachers wanted for public and private schools and colleges. Calls coming daily. Good positions for good teachers. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

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The Whole Bible—Thirty-one volumes packed in case with adjustable leather cover. Cloth bound, good print, 18 maps. Price, postpaid, $2.00. Sample volume, five cents. Address Elizabeth Merriam, Framingham, Mass.

Shut-ins, invalids—I write you whimsical, cheering, personal letters for 35 cents each. Blakewhiting, Branford, Ct.

Children—Board and care for summer. Healthful Connecticut town. Best references. E. S. Langdon, 11 Waban St., Wellesley, Mass.

Stainless Steel Paring Knives will not stain or rust. Women are raising money easily through our "church plan" of selling Neva-Stain Knives. Write for trial knife and plan free. Stainless Products Sales Co., 746 6th St., Watervliet, N. Y.

For Sale—Hymns of Worship and Service, 12th edition, 30 cents; The Church Hymnary with Smith Psalter, 30 cents. Good condition. A. S. Barnes & Co., 7 West 45th St., New York City.

Cut this Advertisement Out and send it to Elizabeth Merriam, Beech St., Framingham, Mass. You will receive free John's Gospel, with map and method of interesting others in Bible reading. Tested fourteen years. *It works.*

Elderly couple—Country home in Dighton, Mass. All modern conveniences. Six months or longer. "E. D.," *Congregationalist.*

12 years ago to be associate pastor with Dr. S. P. Cadman of Brooklyn. When it became necessary for Dr. Cadman to take a six months' leave of absence, Mr. Auld took entire charge of the large parish to the great satisfaction of all. Later he was called to the Calvary Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, which is one of the oldest churches in the city. After seven years there he accepted the call to Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church of Toronto, where for three years and a half he served a membership of three thousand people. Wishing to pursue his studies and finish some uncompleted work, he went to Auburn, N. Y., where he has been doing research work this year. He finished his work at Auburn early in May and assumed his duties in Elyria the middle of this month.

Mr. N. E. Escott, who has served as student assistant in the church school of First, has received his license to preach and has accepted the call to become the pastor of Brownhelm, O. He began his work there the first Sunday in May. He will live in Brownhelm and continue his study in Oberlin in connection with his pastoral work there.

Among the Columbus Churches

The Lenten season was observed by all of the Columbus churches, most of them specializing in straightforward appeals for definite Christian living, through special series of sermons on Sundays and culminating in one or two weeks of evangelistic services just preceding Easter. Special campaigns for members were carried on by MAYFLOWER, SOUTH, EASTWOOD and NORTH, the last being the most successful in point of numbers, gathering in 56 new members.

SOUTH, Rev. W. H. Gysan, minister, has a unique service on Palm Sunday of each year. For six weeks prior to Palm Sunday, the boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 15 are given thorough training in *Christian Certainties,* by Brown and Perdriau. Then on Palm Sunday, in place of the regular service of worship, these young folks, about 40 in number, are publicly examined by the pastor. Not only does this serve to ground the young people in matters of importance, but it also calls definitely to their attention the matter of uniting with the church. Each year at least one-third of the young people in this group unite with the church.

MAYFLOWER, Rev. Harold Cooper, minister, continues to build up its Sunday evening audiences. It has recently increased its equipment by the addition of several Sunday school rooms.

NORTH, Rev. K. E. Wall, pastor, is undertaking an intensive campaign, looking toward the development of all its resources and the use of them in the activities of the church. A junior choir has been organized and is now rendering service. The church is considering ways and means of securing a new building

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that it may be equipped for the best possible service in its field. The new North High School, built within three squares of North Church, has brought a new importance to the territory served by North.

PLYMOUTH'S three choirs rendered Gaul's *The Holy City* on March 30, this marking the close of the pastorate of Rev. E. A. Ralph, who is now devoting his entire time to the Congregational students of Ohio State University. The choirs presented Mr. Ralph with a beautiful Elgin gold watch, and a generous purse was given him by friends in the congregation. Plymouth has extensively improved its parsonage and extends a most cordial welcome to its new pastor, Rev. P. C. King, who begins service May 11.

EASTWOOD, Rev. Mandus Barrett, pastor, is getting under way most satisfactorily. The men of the church are especially active. Their Ten Times Club serves as a rallying center for the men and as a pastor's working force. Eastwood entertained the Central Ohio Conference of Congregational Churches in April.

FIRST has been most acceptably served since Jan. 1, by Dr. H. N. Dascomb. Dr. and Mrs. Dascomb endeared themselves greatly to the people of First Church and the Congregational fellowship of the city, serving generously and effectively in varied ways the needs of church and community. The men's class spent the period just before Easter studying Dr. Brown's *Why I Believe in Religion*. First Church welcomed Dr. and Mrs. Lichliter the first Sunday in May. The Congregational Club meets at First Church early in May and Dr. Lichliter gives the address on "What is a Liberal Church?"

The Congregational young people of Central Ohio held their annual banquet on April 4, with Dr. W. K. Bloom of New York as the speaker. The young people formed themselves into a definite organization and elected officers and appointed committees. This organization will give itself to the prosecution of the work among the young people of our Central Ohio churches.

NEW YORK

Tribute to Rev. Donald B. MacLane

Early in March SOUTH, UTICA, held a memorial service for their first pastor, Rev. Donald B. MacLane, who died in February in an Adirondack sanitarium, of lung trouble following influenza. South Church was organized and established by Mr. MacLane, and under his leadership made a fine record.

Rev. Donald MacLane

Mr. MacLane was a graduate of Yale University, the records of which show that since 1733 until the present time some one in direct line or a collateral in every generation until the present has graduated from Yale. His father, Rev. W. W. MacLane, pastor at North Leominster, Mass., his father-in-law, three brothers and a brother-in-law all graduated from some department of Yale. A paper read by Mr. MacLane before the Boston Ministers' Meeting on "The Lord's Prayer in a Dozen Languages" was published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

In a leaflet distributed at the memorial service in Utica, after a short biographical sketch of Mr. MacLane, appears this tribute to him:

These facts serve as milestones, merely, along the road where a traveler walked with gladness, undaunted in storms, guiding all the wayfarers by the light which shone from a soul in close harmony with God. Loving service, Christ-like teaching, rare music, and an insight into things of the spirit—all this the traveler gave to his companions along the way. Then he came to the last milestone, and for more than two years he poured his life into the founding of this church, now blessed with hallowed memories.

But the end of the road was nearer than he thought, and but a little more than a week ago, after months of patient waiting, he entered the eternal home.

In one of the books which he used at college, Mr. MacLane has preserved a well-loved poem of today. Shall we not accept its sacred challenge?

"To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep,—"

CONNECTICUT

United, Bridgeport, Purchases New Site

UNITED, BRIDGEPORT, has purchased a new and commanding site, bounded by State St., Park Ave., and Hanover St. Allen and Collins, the well-known church architects of Boston, are preparing provisional plans. When North Church and South Church became united at the beginning of the World War, they had plans for the old site opposite the City Hall. The building project was deferred until after the War. The growth of the city and the church led to the conclusion that the old site was inadequate. Litigation to secure the right to sell the part that was entailed prevented the carrying out of the building project. In spite of the hampering conditions of an inadequate plant, the church has continued to grow rapidly, the two old churches becoming completely merged. Dr. W. H. Day is the pastor of United Church.

Philathea Class Doubles Membership

The philathea class of FIRST, MIDDLETOWN, Rev. Douglas Horton, pastor, during the past months has enjoyed a season of great prosperity. They have recently doubled their membership. At their last meeting, which took the form of a dinner, a song, composed by one of the members, Mrs. L. R. Hazen, was sung.

MASSACHUSETTS

Called to Pastorate of Brimfield

BRIMFIELD is rejoicing in having secured the services of Rev. R. W. Campbell of Montreal, Canada, who began his pastorate in March. Attendance at the services and a growing interest in the church are apparent.

Goes to Wilmington

WILMINGTON, for some time supplied by student pastors, is greatly encouraged by the coming of Rev. A. A. Simmons, recently assistant at Eliot, Roxbury. He brings experience of nearly two years at that active center and a most interesting background of study and service in Europe, especially in Russia. Mrs. Simmons, who will take an active part in the life of the church, has also had wartime experiences abroad.

Good News from Maple Street, Danvers

The work of MAPLE STREET, DANVERS, is progressing nicely. We are on the elevator going up—not going up to Heaven—we are not ready for that yet—but we are on the up grade, thanks to our earnest and enthusiastic pastor, Rev. L. E. Grubaugh, and his large corps of loyal workers. Twenty-seven

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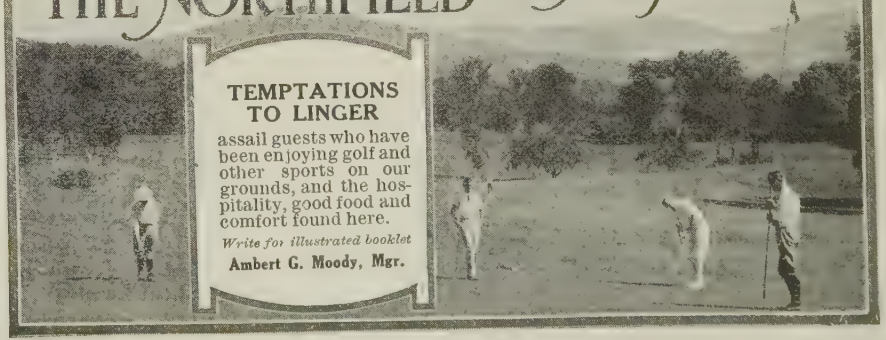
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assail guests who have been enjoying golf and other sports on our grounds, and the hospitality, good food and comfort found here.
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Ambert G. Moody, Mgr.

were added to membership at the Easter service and four more were received at the May Communion. A large number of these additions were boys and girls of high school age.

Five years ago Maple Street adopted the every member canvass plan for pledges, and since then our finances have been in good condition. Last year we had our auditorium redecorated, new carpets laid, and an up-to-date lighting system installed. We also had the kitchen enlarged and modernized. All of this cost us $3,400 but we expect to have a clean slate again within a year. Then the painting of the church outside will demand attention.

All the while, however, we have been thinking of others, for last year the church and its auxiliaries contributed $3,296 to benevolences. This year we hope to make an even better record.

Our membership is not a wealthy one by any means, but it is a dependable one; and we have many friends. H. A. L.

VERMONT

New Members for Bethany, Montpelier

On Easter Sunday BETHANY, MONTPELIER, received 42 members on confession and two by letter. All but three were boys and girls of high school age. Twenty-six were students in Montpelier Seminary. Dr. Hatch, the principal of this excellent Methodist Seminary, and Dr. Redding of the Methodist Church were present and bore a part in the service, thus showing the beautiful spirit existing between these two churches. Rev. C. N. St. John, pastor at Montpelier, is a faithful and successful worker, greatly honored and loved in Montpelier and throughout Vermont.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Rev. C. W. Carvell Leaves Newmarket

On May 4, Rev. C. W. Carvell closed his pastorate with FEDERATED, NEWMARKET, to accept the leadership of Trinitarian, North Andover, Mass. During the three years that Mr. Carvell was in Newmarket, more than 50 persons were baptized and about 70 admitted into church membership. The church building and parsonage have been completely renovated, and the chapel completely remodeled. Mr. Carvell made an especial appeal to the young people of the community and in this was most successful. He was chaplain of the Masons and Odd Fellows as well.

At a farewell reception given for the retiring pastor and his wife a purse of nearly $200 was presented them by various organizations in the parish. The ladies' aid managed the affair and the deacons assisted in receiving. The last Sunday morning service was made memorable by the reception of seven new members, the attendance of the men's club in a body, and an audience of over 300 people. On May 5, the annual parish supper and business meeting was held, the latter showing a healthy spirit of progress, over $1,000 having been raised by the ladies' society alone in the last year.

MAINE

Saco's Diversified Calendars

The pastor of FIRST PARISH, SACO, Rev. L. B. Walker, is resourceful in his preparation of the church calendar each week. Each issue has a different cover, some of the more recent ones having a picture of the parsonage, a poem appropriate to Lent, a photograph of the church building. Poems and quotations, framed in a variety of borders and printed in various colors of ink on different weeks give the calendars further distinction. The other pages of the calendar are equally attractive. More than 100 calendars are sent every week to 16 different states and Canada. The following quotation is from a recent issue of the Saco calendar:

Every great business organization uses a trade journal for the purpose of putting enthusiasm into the organization. Such a bulletin is designed to develop an *esprit de corps* among those who are a part of the institution. Such also is the purpose of the modern calendar; it is the "trade journal of the church." It should have editorials and human interest stories and paragraphs that look forward to future happenings; it acts as one means of contact between minister and people. Our difficulty is not in getting people to read our calendars, but in supplying the demand. Nearly 2,000 calendars a week and never enough for everybody. This is a record for this part of the country. The minister is always grateful for little anecdotes and happenings of mutual interest. Mrs. Leatherbarrow told the minister that she sent calendars to a certain fort on the Mexican border. There they were widely read, then taken to the service of a little mission church and later taken back into Mexico by the minister. What have you done? Let us know.

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

ADAMS, A. H., JR., Providence, R. I., to Union, Seekonk, Mass. Accepts.

CRONMILLER, BRUCE, South Hadley Falls, Mass., to East Jaffrey, N. H. Accepts.

PALMER, A. W., Honolulu, Hawaii, to First, Oak Park, Ill.

SERGEANT, RUTH F., Springfield, Me., to Palm City, Fla. Accepts.

STEVENS, W. E., Perry, Mich., to Burton, O. Accepts.

Resignations

BOOKWALTER, LEWIS, Muscotah, Kan.

DANCE, T. W., Charlestown, N. H.

Dismissal

WILLMOTT, B. A., Eliot, Roxbury, Mass., May 28.

Ordinations and Installations

JONES, H. R., *i.*, Conway, N. H., May 21. Sermon by Rev. A. T. Hillman; other parts by Rev. Messrs. E. C. Lancaster, F. A. Junkins, I. A. Flint, E. L. Smiley, F. G. Woodworth, C. E. Beals, Donald Fraser, and H. R. Jones.

SNYDER, F. C., *o.*, Pilgrim, Oak Park, Ill., May 15. Sermon by Pres. O. S. Davis; other parts by Rev. Messrs. G. B. Drake, B. W. Robinson, E. B. Allen, F. G. Ward, and E. W. Willcox.

WILLCOX, E. W., *o.*, Pilgrim, Oak Park, Ill., May 15. Sermon by Rev. O. S. Davis; other parts by Rev. G. B. Drake, B. W. Robinson, E. B. Allen, F. G. Ward, and E. W. Willcox.

Personals

ALGER, REV. F. G., has just completed a service of over a year as stated supply at Peterboro, N. H., while the church was seeking a pastor.

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THE MEMORIAL SUBLIME
LITERATURE, INCLUDING TESTED PLAN FOR SECURING CHIMES SENT UPON REQUEST
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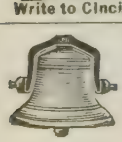
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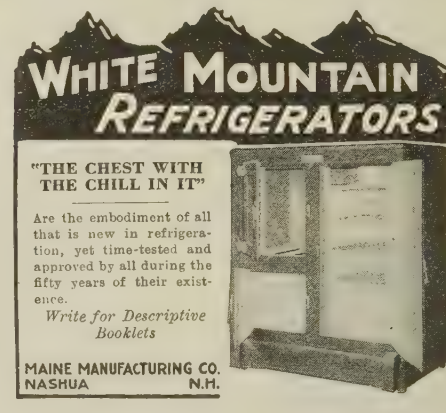
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During this period the church has moved forward, two new organizations having been formed, a woman's missionary society, and a young people's society. Twenty-one persons have been received into church membership, eight by letter and 13 on confession. As a testimonial of its appreciation of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Alger the parish presented them with a gift of $200. They will make their home in Manchester, N. H., where Mr. Alger may be addressed.

STAUFFER, REV. HENRY, who has been pastor at Petaluma, Cal., for nearly two years, will spend from two to three months in England and Scotland during the summer. He will study labor and temperance conditions existing in these countries, and plans a visit to France before his return.

Easter Accessions

	Conf.	Total
CALIFORNIA		
Sacramento	63	100
IOWA		
Nashua	44	58
MICHIGAN		
Allegan	9	15
Almont	17	21
Alpena	12	17
Armada	4	5
Athens	3	3
Bangor	4	6
Bay City	8	11
Belding	2	2
Benton Harbor	8	18
Benzonia		1
Big Rapids	13	22
Cadillac	31	31
Calumet	33	41
Central Lake	3	3
Charlotte	6	15
Chelsea		2
Clarksville	6	10
Clinton	2	3
Covert	2	2
Charlevoix	8	8
Clare	9	9
Coloma	28	30
Cooper	3	5
Detroit, Armenian	2	32
Boulevard	18	24
Brewster	18	32
Fort	18	19
Highland Park	39	53
Mt. Hope	10	11
North	42	73
Pilgrim	39	53
Plymouth	7	14
Douglas	15	20
Dowagiac	50	54
East Lansing	26	49
Eden	7	9
Frankfort	6	7
Fremont	1	3
Galesburg	4	7
Gaylord	3	3
Grand Blanc	9	14
Grand Haven	2	4
Grand Ledge	9	11
Grand Rapids, Park	37	77
Plymouth	24	46
Second	6	8
Smith	13	15
South	17	20
Wallin	2	2
Grandville	3	3
Greenville	29	37
Hart	3	3
Hudson	3	15
Imlay City	10	13
Jackson, First	18	24
Plymouth	4	5
Kalamazoo	90	115
Lansing, Mayflower	7	9
Pilgrim	26	34
Plymouth	20	36
Laingsburg	1	4
Lake Odessa	4	4
Lakeview	2	5
Lawrence	32	33
Litchfield	2	3
Ludington	3	9
Manistee	5	5
Mattawan	11	12
Maybee	12	12
Morenci	1	4
Muskegon, First	18	28
Jackson	7	9
McGraft	4	6
Newaygo	3	3
Northport	20	23
Olivet	3	6
Otsego	3	4
Ovid	1	6
Owosso	8	15
Perry	3	3
Pinckney	16	21
Pittsford	7	13
Pontiac	92	109
Port Huron, Sturges		2
Portland	15	16
Reed City	3	6
Richmond	3	3
Romeo	14	23
Rochester	9	10
Royal Oak	24	29
Starr Ave.	4	4
Salem, Second	5	5
Shelby	2	2
South Haven	8	9
St. Clair	9	14
St. Johns	42	47
St. Joseph	10	16
Three Oaks	2	4
Traverse City, First	17	19
Oak Park	17	17
Union City		4
Vanderbilt	3	9
Watervliet	13	13
Wayne	1	4
Wheatland		2
Whitehall	11	11
Ypsilanti	14	24

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we can not prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true, as the Scripture says, that as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

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Parables of Safed the Sage

(*Continued from page* 712)

Keturah, The whole More or Less Human Race is like unto that Little Damsel. For men are always Fooling Themselves with the notion that all the Soap Bubbles they have ever blown were Ponderable and Durable, and behold, it is not so; for they are Frail, and they endure but for a moment.

And Keturah said, But there are Lasting Joys, and it were better if men did seek more of them.

And I said, Thou hast spoken wisely. Yet we cannot spare the Bubbles. There are Durable Blessings and Perishable Blessings, and we need both kinds. But we must use the Perishable Blessings as not abusing them, for the Fashion of this world Passeth Away, as a certain wise man said in a day when Fashions might change perchance once in a Thousand Years, and oftener than that now. The Flowers were not made to last, but to be enjoyed while they are with us. Spring is not made to last. Youth is not made to last.

And Keturah said, Ours is lasting fairly well.

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8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Commencement at Atlanta

(*Continued from page* 725)

Athens, Ga.; Melville C. Mays, Roseland, Va.; Franklin C. Thompson, Demorest, Ga. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed upon Prof. Ralph Gillam. The graduating exercises were followed by the president's reception, and that in turn by the last students' prayer meeting, and the 21st commencement of Atlanta Seminary was over.

Death

DASCOMB—Rev. H. Nutting Dascomb, formerly pastor of Plymouth Church, Denver, Col., died at Casper, Wyo., May 25, following a stroke.

Events To Come

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS OF CONNECTICUT, United Church, New Haven, June 10.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H., July 14-21.

PLACERVILLE ASSEMBLY, Placerville, S. D., July 16-22.

State Conferences

COLORADO, Colorado Springs, June 20-23.
MONTANA, Billings, July 18-20.

Northfield Summer Conferences

YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE, June 20-28.
WOMEN'S INTERDENOMINATIONAL HOME MISSION CONFERENCE, July, 7-14.
CONFERENCE FOR WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, July 14-22.
CONFERENCE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, July 23-Aug. 1.
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS, Aug. 2-18.
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR INSTITUTE FOR MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT AND VERMONT, Aug. 18-25.

Missionary Education Conferences

CALIFORNIA, Asilomar, July 11-21.
MAINE, Ocean Park, July 1-10.
NEW YORK, Silver Bay, July 5-15.
NORTH CAROLINA, Blue Ridge, June 27-July 7.
WASHINGTON, Seabeck, July 25-Aug. 4.
WISCONSIN, Lake Geneva, July 25-Aug. 4.

Y. M. C. A. Student Conferences

COLORADO, Estes Park, June 6-16.
MISSOURI, Hollister, June 6-16.
NORTH CAROLINA, Blue Ridge, June 17-26.
NEW YORK, Silver Bay, June 12-19.
WASHINGTON, Seabeck, June 13-22.
WISCONSIN, Lake Geneva, June 13-22.

Young People's Conferences

CALIFORNIA, Claremont, June 30-July 7.
COLORADO, Colorado Springs, June 16-25.
CONNECTICUT, Storrs, June 27-July 7.
IDAHO, Smith's Ferry, July 30-Aug. 6.
ILLINOIS, Tower Hill, Mich., June 21-28.
IOWA, Grinnell, June 13-20.
KANSAS, Twin Mounds Park, July 9-17.
MASSACHUSETTS, Northfield, July 23-Aug. 1.
MICHIGAN, Olivet, June 20-28.
MINNESOTA, Northfield, June 24-July 1.
MONTANA, Billings, July 12-21.
NEBRASKA, Crete, June 7-14.
NEW YORK, Blairstown, N. J., (Eastern) July 19-28.
NEW YORK, Cook Academy, Montour Falls, (Western) June 27-July 7.
NORTH CAROLINA, King's Mountain, (Colored), June 10-20.
NORTH DAKOTA, Valley City, June 21-28.
OHIO, Lakeside, July 7-13.
PENNSYLVANIA, Pennsburg, (Middle Atlantic) Aug. 1-11.
SOUTH DAKOTA, Black Hills, July 16-22.
SOUTH DAKOTA, Waubay, July 7-13.
SOUTH DAKOTA, Yankton, July 26-Aug. 2.
WASHINGTON, Seabeck, July 18-25.
WISCONSIN, Chetek, (Northern Wis.) July 5-11.
WISCONSIN, Green Lake, July 5-11.

The Congregationalist

Continuing
The Recorder and *The Advance*

June 5, 1924

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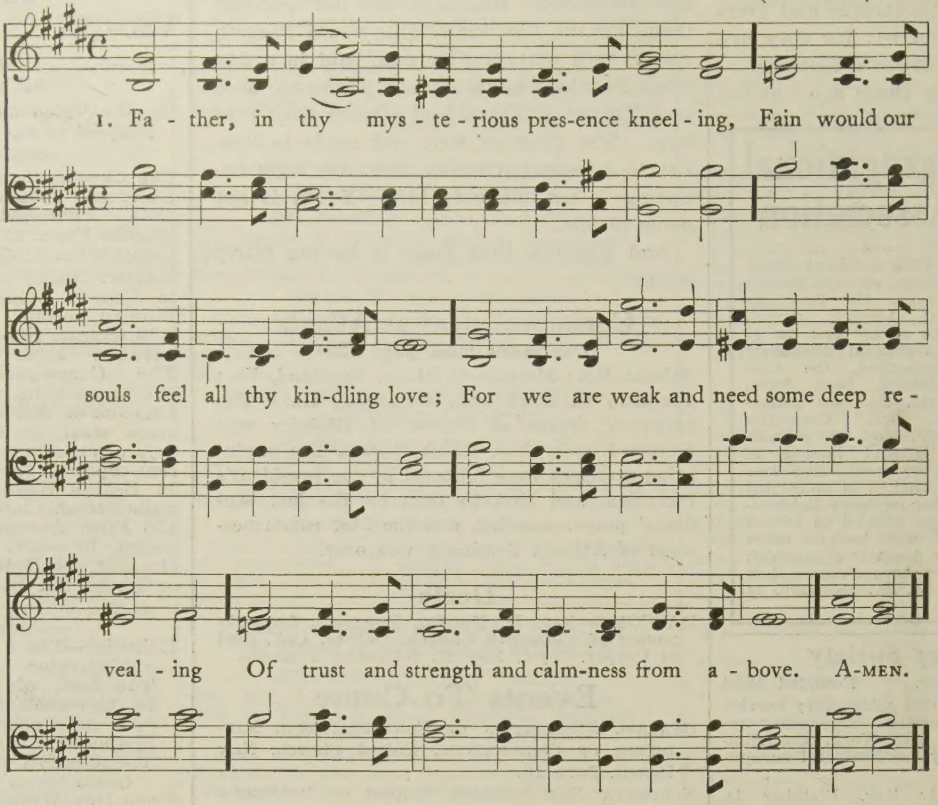
Joy in God

275 CONSOLATION 11. 10 Arr. from MENDELSSOHN (1809–1847)


1. Fa - ther, in thy mys - te - rious pres-ence kneel - ing, Fain would our
souls feel all thy kin-dling love; For we are weak and need some deep re -
veal - ing Of trust and strength and calm-ness from a - bove. A-MEN.

'For Divine Strength'

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love,—
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1846

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